

Maclean's

Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine

October 2, 2000 www.macleans.ca \$4.50

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Macleans
Canadian Weekly Newspapers
October 2, 2000 364/115 35c

As the street standoff over lobster fishing continued in Barre Church, James Ward and other Mikmaq warriors stood firm against Ottawa

Bruised by the convergence war, Ted Rogers comes back swinging—selling Maclean he is starting a cable-based phone company.

Canada publishes *Anna Porter* recalls her Hungarian childhood in a memoir dominated by her grandfather—raccoon, Olympic athlete, publisher and musician

Editor



What's really going on in Sydney

In addition to 15-hour days travelling to and from Olympic events in Sydney last week, Maclean's reporters Andrew Phillips and Janet Deacon—along with Photo Editor Peter Briggs—made time to file daily in-venue, on-the-scene, on-the-water, on-the-beach, on-the-sun stories about their challenges, the joy of meeting up with gold-medallist Simon Whitfield from Victoria and, well, one of the under-reported aspects of the Games—one in the city. *Excerpt:*

It was a bit surprising to see Simon Whitfield in the main press centre at Sydney Olympic Park. Just hours before, Whitfield had won the first-ever men's Olympic triathlon and he was being ushered to a news conference. In street clothes, he looked less imposing than the man who had just conquered the world's best. But you could tell by looking at him that he had just done something really good.

Just outside the door to the amphitheatre, he stopped to examine a display of fantastic photographs taken at past Olympics. The shot that grabbed him was of Canadian sprinter Ben Johnson, in perfect form, arms churning, legs pumping, exploding into the lead, midway into the now-infamous 100-m Olympic final at Seoul in 1988. Canada's first gold medalist at the 2000 Summer Games reached up and touched the photograph of the man who won—and then lost because of a positive drug test. "I remember when I was that guy," Whitfield said. "It was incredible to watch—I was so psyched. Then, the next day..." The sentence went unfinished, the moment paused and Whitfield turned away to do his duty to the world press. (Deacon)



Duncan, Australian swimmer Emma Robinson (above, left) and Teresa Luther, Canada's Jesse Solter (top) in a 3-4 water polo final in Australia's headshot.

Sydney's Ryde Aquatic Centre isn't the easiest place to get to, located as it is far away from the main Olympic venues in the city's northern suburbs. But night after night, a sizable contingent of male sports fans voluntarily makes its way to Ryde to watch... women's water polo. This, of course, is hardly a meagre Olympic sport. So what accounts for their dedication? Women's water polo, Maclean's has learned, has quickly fired the enthusiasm of certain journalists.

In part, say our sources, it has to do with the tendency of the players to attack each other beneath the water, and tear their opponents' crotch-attached suits to shreds. Shockingly, many of these admirably muscled women emerge from the pool displaying much

more than they were showing when they were in.

In fact, the water polo phenomenon is just one example of what quite a few people have noticed: there may be the most Games ever. More and more female swimmers are emerging from the pool in full waterproof makeup, and the lycra outfits are getting slinkier and slinkier.

It isn't just men ogling women, however. At the main pool this week, a young Australian woman was obviously transfixed by the male swimmers emerging from the water and poking their body sun down well below their navel as they lined up to do post-race interviews.

The athletes themselves don't seem to mind: after all, they're the ones wearing the suits and posing on the redcarpet. And there are signs that some of them find the Games at least a bit stimulating. At the Olympic Village, where most athletes are staying, organizers made available some 12,500 condoms for 10,703 athletes. By the middle of the first week, that supply had already disappeared. (Phillips)

Also, space does not permit mentioning the nearby Deacon on the Olympics as a hardship assignment for journalists. But you can find it on the Web at www.macleans.ca.

Robert Lewis

robert@maclean.ca or to comment on From the Editor

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Heroic additions

Congratulations on your "Canadians who inspired the world" (Cover, Sept. 4), but let us not forget those who contributed to our great living heritage. As a youth, I was inspired by Douglas MacKay's first powered flight in 1909, and by First World War aviator Don MacLaren, who had more than 100 victories in the same time frame as leading U.S. ace Eddie Rickenbacker. We remember Charles Lindbergh, but have we forgotten Erikh Boyd, first to conquer the North Atlantic outside the earlier summer season, which proved that year-round air service was possible? **Russ Smyth, Morris**

Another very practical Canadian invention is the egg carton ("Missing their marks," Sept. 4). It was invented

and patented by a resident of Smithers, B.C., Joseph L. Coyle, in 1911. Besides being an inventor, Coyle was one of the first newspapermen in the early pioneering days of northern British Columbia. Although Coyle and his family were able to live comfortably on the proceeds of his invention, they were never wealthy. It seems that some sharp businessmen and their even sharper lawyers made much more out of the Coyle Safety Egg Carton than did its inventor!

Harry Knudsen/Edith, Smithers, B.C.

Not one of these outstanding Canadians has afforded my 83 years one iota compared with Nellie McClung and company. I can remember when women did not have a vote, could not have a credit rating, were discouraged in seeking education, and—the ultimate deprivation—were not considered to be persons. Now, I raised army daughters and granddaughters, who all have several university degrees, brilliant careers and enjoy many freedoms I

could not. Your selection gave me pleasure and knowledge. McClung gave me and mine a life!

Sophia Post Barber, Victoria

Historical perspective

As a former history teacher at both the high-school and college levels in Alberta, I agree there is a need to reintroduce history courses in schools ("Reopening the history books," Cover/Education, Sept. 4), as long as it is not limited. We push the Frederick Bantings and the Paul Hendersons because they support an image of Canada we are trying to create. Not only is that dishonest history, it is dull and devoid of motivation for further study. As any good journalist knows, a stable story always has two sides. Do we tell our students about the Ojibwa's support of the Ku Klux Klan in Alberta in the 1930s? That a major meet of the Klan in Alberta was "racial purity" before Adolf Hitler espoused it in Germany? That Klan organizer R. C. Snodgrass said, in 1929: "You don't need the Klan here. You have the Orange Lodges?" Or that in June, 1939, Canada emphatically denied entry to the St. Louis, carrying more than 900 Jewish refugees from Germany? The five questions in "Testing Canadians" about Carleton Place, Insulin, Henderson and the Red River all imply the purpose of studying history is to remember our great moments. Perhaps the purpose should be to analyze our complete record as human beings and to snuff a claim to correct our errors.

Bill Kuegler, Shafter, Alta.

As an immigrant and recent citizen, it often strikes me how many Canadians do not realize just how good it is in this country. Without a knowledge of geography and current affairs, it is difficult to appreciate that Canada is the best country in the world. But without a knowledge of history, it is impossible to understand how Canada became the best country. There is the danger without an understanding of how Canada became what it is, how can we, and our children after us, hope to keep Canada at the top of the world?

Keith Anshel, Fort McMurray, Alta.

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Overture

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Edited by Anthony Wilson-Smith
with Shonda Drent

Over and Under Achievers

We love ya, Joe!

It's always time. Lloyd says bye-bye! Joe on a high? Stacy, what a guy! Americans: hands dry! And final tally, oh, uh?

- ◆ **Lloyd Axworthy:** Retiring as a high note as well-regarded foreign affairs minister. But the Winnipeg construction bar will never be the same without his dibs on federal funding.
- ◆ **Joe Clark:** Gets standing ovation from four other parties as he exits House.

Overheard

Will you get lucky, Pierre?

New that Lloyd Axworthy has confirmed his decision to leave federal politics, the bar question in Ottawa is who will replace him in the much-coveted foreign affairs portfolio. The front-runner is also considered to be the person who most wants it—Pierre Pettigrew, currently international trade minister. In a prediction environment, the Liberals desperately want to build support in Quebec—and Pettigrew, along with Paul Martin, is the only minister considered personally popular among moderate nationalists as well as staunch federalists. A cabinet promotion along these lines would be well received by mem-

bers of the provincial Liberal party, where Pettigrew has deep roots. He's also exceptionally well qualified for the job. Fluently bilingual, with a master's degree from Oxford, Pettigrew has worked as an international business consultant, once advised Pierre Trudeau on foreign policy and was previously a junior minister in charge of international co-operation and francophone relations. The only potential pitfall, incidentally, is if Jean Chrétien were to convince a heavyweight such as Bob Rae, Ray Robinson or Frank McKenna to run—and one of those were to win the job. Another argument in Pettigrew's favour: the feds could save lodging costs when he travels to Paris, where he already has a pied-à-terre.

of Commons. Too bad his Tories don't feel as warmly.

- ◆ **The Ottawa press gallery:** Is talking because Staddon Day won't take part in today, rode, pushy scrums. Their entire way of life is at stake.
- ◆ **These dirty tanks:** New study says only six of 10 Americans wash their hands when using public restrooms. The other four don't want to bother their guts that long.
- ◆ **BCE/CI/Global and Mail merger:** Hailed as good business move because of its "synergy." Coming soon: Lloyd



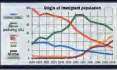
Axworthy: leaving out with a flourish

Robertson reads Globe notes aloud to Bell users over the phone.

- ◆ **Paul Martin:** Tells bank CEOs to put off merger talks ... all after an election, so Libs won't have to discuss key policy issue during a campaign. Hey, kids, how do you spell p-a-u-l-m-a-r-t-i-n?

Border Watch

Canadians often think of the country's ethnic diversity—but many probably don't realize that the trend of mass immigration coming from outside Great Britain and the United States actually began about 90 years ago. That was when such groups as the Czechs and Jewish refugees from Russia, and Hungarians, Poles and Germanias began arriving. For the next 10 years or so, most immigrants still came from Britain or Europe. The big change came in 1962, when the creation of "national quotas"—including visa and policies—was imposed by Canada's immigration policy, forever altering the racial makeup of the country. The Statistics Canada chart below shows how the birthplaces of Canadian immigrants have changed over the last century.



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Trend Watch

Get etiquette

So long T-shirts—hello shirt and tie. The casual office dress code may be ending as ambitious careerists switch back to more formal wear. Companies, says June



Keep a look on etiquette

Lowena Bayer and Karen Miller offer a similar program for commerce students. The pair, who have extensive experience in hospitality-related professions such as corporate training, human resources and logistics, are releasing a three-book series on business etiquette. The first installment, *Prayer Seat*, introduces such basics as handshakes, eye contact and non-verbal communication. The pair strongly suggest workers respect one another's privacy. "More and more people take advantage of other people's things these days," says Bayer. "Think twice about people's personal space."

All three experts say technologies such as cellphones, e-mail and voice mail have led to lowered social standards. "Things I would have accepted five years ago, I won't accept now," says Bayer. "I've made people at the front desk of a hotel to the voice-mail 'reunited.' Others obviously agree—politely, of course."

Derek Chien

Meanwhile, at the University of Manitoba, etiquette guru

Overlooks

"Mr. Speaker, I see why they call this Question Period and not Answer Period."

—*Staciovi Day* comments on a lengthy, largely fact-free response by Jean Chretien to his previous question

"No one could fail to be affected. I don't expect that will last, but it was very stirring."

—*Joe Clark* on the ovation he received from all parties, after making his return to the House of Commons

"It is a pleasure to welcome a warrior with whom I've often fought but whom I respect enormously."

—*The PM* warmly welcomes Clark back to the House of Commons

"He will soon discover we do things a little differently here on dry land. There are no life jackets in the House of Commons."

—*The PM* extends a less-than-welcome to Day



It's CanLit Time—in Somalia

Finishing a library in Somalia is no easy trick. In fact, there is only one—in the desert city of Hargeisa. That makes it even more surprising to discover the Canadian flag displayed on one wall, above piles of old books and magazines. *Mahad Yussuf* found, the library's founder and benefactor, came to Canada in 1986, and, he says, worked with the Ontario government until he was laid off in 1995. He decided to put his separation pay to work for his impoverished west African homeland. "I thought I'd make a difference," said Mahad, "by bringing books." He placed ads in Canadian newspapers asking people to donate used books. The response: nearly 5,000 books, enough to fill 200 buses. By the time he shipped them home and opened his library, he had spent \$17,000.

The facility, open six days a week, has seating for 45. But close to 80 people regularly show up, so those who can't find seats sit on the floor while they read. Mahad hopes to eventually circulate the books in the community and, with so many patrons, to expand. "So," said Mahad, "we will be coming to Canada to get more books."

Yoni Freund

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Overture

PASSAGES

Retired: Montreal Canadian **Teart McCleary**, 28, who was hit in the throat by a puck in January, was forced to end his seven-year NHL career. Although doctors repaired his fractured larynx and restored his speech, McCleary's air passage has been reduced by nearly 15 per cent. During a pre-season game against Boston, McCleary found it difficult to stay on the ice for more than 15 seconds at a time. A right-winger from Swift Current, Sask., McCleary began his career in Ottawa and played for Boston before being picked up by the Canadiens in 1998. He will receive his \$590,000 (U.S.) salary this year, along with \$230,000 in disability benefits.



Died: Jean-V. Dufresne, 70, was innovative political journalist who wrote for almost every major French and English newspaper in Quebec during his nearly five-decade career. He also worked as a radio and television broadcaster and was *Réal Lévesque's* secretary for a brief time in 1960. Dufresne was twice editor of *Le Magazine Montclair* (now *Le Nouvel*). In 1990, he joined *Le Journal de Montréal* and remained there until his retirement four years ago. Dufresne died after cardiac arrest in a Montreal hospital.

Died: Milwaukee **Ran Dison**, 61, owned a Vancouver radio station and professional sports teams. The businessman was known for his 1995 purchase of NRS Black Box Realty Ltd., a 40-year-old Vancouver-based company. The business was failing, and rather than saving it, Dison dismantled it by laying off staff and closing offices. The company filed for bankruptcy a year later, angering creditors. Dison, who lived part time in Mexico, died there in an automobile accident.

Died: British television personality **Paula Yates**, 60, hosted the Channel Four music show *The Tube* and later *The Big Breakfast*,

where she interviewed celebrities in bed. But Yates was best known for her relationships with two rock stars. She was married for 18 years to **Bob Geldof**, organizer of the Ethiopia relief effort Live Aid. They had three children. Yates left Geldof in 1995 for **Michael Hutchence**, lead singer of the Australian group INXS. In 1997, soon after the birth of their daughter, **Heavenly Heaven Tiger Lily**, Hutchence was found hanged in a hotel room, his death was ruled a suicide. Last week, four-year-old Tiger Lily found her mother dead in bed. An inquest has been opened. Geldof, who already has custody of his children with Yates, has temporarily taken in Tiger Lily.

Separated: Rocker **Melissa Etheridge**, 30, and her partner, film director **Julie Cypher**, 36, announced they are ending their relationship after 12 years. The two, Hollywood's longest-lasting high-profile lesbian couple, have a three-year-old daughter and one-year-old son, both conceived by artificial insemination and carried by Cypher.

Resigning: Former Manitoba premier **Gary Filmon**, 58, ended a 25-year career in public office by resigning his legislative seat. Filmon, premier for 11 years, gave up the leadership of the Progressive Conservatives after his party was defeated by Gary Doer's New Democrats last fall. An engineer and businessman, he will return to the private sector as a consultant and company director.

Died: Former Progressive Conservative senator **Jacques Flynn**, 85, served as unelected justice minister during the party's 1979 tenure in power under **Joe Clark**. By virtue of that post, Flynn acted as prime minister for a week, while Clark was in Africa and then House Leader **Walter Baker** was on holiday. Flynn, a Quebec City native, first went to Ottawa as an MP under John Diefenbaker in 1958, served as deputy Speaker and minister of mines and technical surveys, and was defeated in 1962. He served under Clark in his unofficial Quebec lieutenant. A lawyer by training, he died in a Montreal hospital last week.

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COMPASSION

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Anthony Wilson-Smith

Would we lie to you?

A couple of weeks ago, Brian Mulroney was about to make a speech in Montreal when he spotted Michel C. Auger, political columnist for the Quebec newspaper chain. (Auger, by the way, is not to be confused with Michel Auger, his fellow *Journal de Montréal* writer who was recently shot in a failed assassination attempt.) "I better make sure I clap louder than anyone else," joked Auger, in a reference to Mulroney's position as a director of Quebec. "For chance of shot," replied a grinning Mulroney—scuffing the number of times Auger has shadowed him in print over the years.

On the one hand, that exchange between Mulroney and Auger was amiable—and in normal circumstances, immediately forgettable. But in an era of media convergence and mega-images, it represents precisely the concern that keeps conspiracy theorists working overtime. When journalists report on their bosses, or on companies related to their own, how much is that likely to affect their coverage?

In the specific case of an independent sort like Auger, the answer is not at all. But overall, the picture is not as clear. You're darned odd: why when you cover your own company. If you write too favourably, you're written off as a house shell. If you're critical, you may be watering off your career, depending upon how quickly your bosses act. What do you do if you are John Allernang, TV critic at *The Globe and Mail*, and you really *love* CTV's fall lineup? Pending federal approval, BCE is about to own both the *Globe* and CTV. Or what if you're a consumer affairs reporter at CTV dealing with complaints about the Bell telephone or Sympatico online services that BCE runs? Or worse: become a TV critic for the Hollinger newspaper chain, now that it's been bought by the Aapers, who also run the Global TV network? And here at *Maclean's*, our owner, Rogers Communications, runs a huge cable and high-speed Internet access service, as well as partnering with AT&T on phone service.

The point is that consumers should carefully consider both the quality of information they're receiving—and who they're receiving it from. It's an easy one to say that journalists write without fear or favour on all issues—and it's nonsense. Look at the weekly ways in which the *Globe* and its arch-rival the *National Post* report on each other's doings. The rule is not so much what is written in columns or editorial pages, where it is understood the writer is expressing an opinion. In fact, some of the most balanced comment on recent media goings-on has come from columnists like Eric Reguly and Matthew Ingram at the *Globe*, and Matthew Frant at the *Post*. But readers should be wary of reporters carrying favour with their sources by writing commentaries that masquerade as news. A piece in the Sept. 16 *Post* that was not a column and not

labeled as an analysis piece, included such sweeping aides as an observation that "critics agreed that synergies were more likely from a coupling like CanWest-Hollinger than from a merger of a telephone company with a newspaper operator." Gee, guess which company the *Post* is owned by. In fact, CanWest is a TV network that bought some newspapers, while BCE just added a newspaper alongside its TV network. As both say, some difference.

When newspapers slag each other, it's tedious and inaccurate, but there is no real harm done to anyone else: their conflict of interest is obvious. It's a bigger problem when the links or rivalries may be more hidden—as in the *Post* writing about BCE, or the *Globe* gossiping on Rogers' phone services. The bias isn't always overt. Any experienced reporter knows how to slip in "worded" words or phrases that point a subject in a certain way without saying so directly. If you are profiling a CEO and want to make nice, you might describe him physically as "a bear of a man whose imposing stature reflects the manner in which he dominates a room." Or if you think he is a jerk, you might focus on the manner in which "his narrow shoulders over his belt, and his nose weight causes him to perpetrate profusely." Either way, some guy.

It is very seldom the people at the top who practice or promote bias or self-censorship. Ken Thomson was famous for staying far away from the *Globe* newscroom. Ted Rogers has seldom set foot inside *Maclean's* editorial offices. Roy and Leonard Auger at *Global* are far more interested in the bottom line than the editorial line. Doree Pomeroy-Kall, president, CEO of Quebec's *The Star* newspaper exception is Conrad Black, who espouses his views to anyone who asks, and has never pretended to hide them.

More often than not, it is the middle-managers and career climbers among reporters and editors who are at the root of journalistic evils: they hear their bosses cough, and whip their interpretation of that into a hurricane by the time it hits the newscroom. The irony is that the bosses of competing companies are often a lot more sanguine towards their rivals than the people who work for them. The CEOs know that today's rival is tomorrow's ally, and vice-versa. At the wedding of Mulroney's daughter, Caroline, recently, Rogers and *Maclean's*—both invited guests—needed to even out just differences and discuss future partnerships. Conrad Black sat nearby. If you're concerned about media bias, don't blame the CEOs: their focus is usually strictly on building business and profits. The fact that some reporters and editors twist the news to advance themselves isn't new: there are now just more opportunities than ever. The truth isn't pretty—and it isn't, so say, always the way it's presented in the media.



Barbara Amiel

Russia's muddled future

It's been 12 years since I last visited Moscow. Now, opposite Lenin's tomb on Red Square, the glam GUM shop, once communism's only department store, has been replaced by an aisle of posh boutiques enclosed by Dior at one end and Estée Lauder at the other. The sound of glass steps on the square's cobblestones has gone as the soldiers guarding Lenin's mausoleum lounge in the autumn sunlight. The chauchers are full with the luminous faces of young men and women. They seemed to be a wedding on every street corner, brides in huge white soufflé dresses. Perhaps the Russian need for authoritarian rule, so often remarked upon, thus made Soviet communism into the state religion, has been replaced by March's original spouse of the people.

Moscow's men by contrast look grey and beaten. Still, the Russian women look gorgeous and not just the "good ones" ones hanging about the hotels. Ordinary women in their short skirts, groomed hair and faces are catching the eye of every foreigner in town. I suppose it's a familiar phenomenon: when a country is defeated in war or reduced economically, the men are disheartened while a woman's appearance becomes a commodity she peddles to the conquerors.

As Russia struggles towards a post-communist model, the West may be focusing on the wrong questions. Perhaps we ought to be asking not how closely their institutions will match our ideals, but how well the system they develop will work for them. Initially, when the Russians, led by Boris Yeltsin, pulled down the hammer and sickle from the Kremlin in December, 1991, they understood free enterprise to mean free theft. Everyone took whatever they could from the state and laid their hands on anything available, from material goods to influence. One of Yeltsin's greatest contributions was to acknowledge that it would be impossible to put Russians on trial for either their role in the brutality of the former regime or their corruption in the unstable post-communist era. After more than 70 years of totalitarianism, virtually everyone was complicit. But what now?

The West's concern with a free press in Russia is important, but not as simple as it may seem. After communism, the government cheerfully gave out some 6,500 licenses for radio and TV stations that operate alongside more than two dozen national newspapers. There simply isn't enough money to keep all of them profitable. So, they have fallen back on old habits. If you were a good story writer, well, you pay the journalist. One translator, who works for a highly reputable American venture-capitalist once pined for me that he had read a completely untruthful story about one of his former assignments. When he called the journalist to complain, the writer replied that he had been paid \$5,000 to do the story. "Give

me \$5,000," he explained "and I'll tell your side." The next day, the same writer published a story totally asserting what he had said before. This is neither a Russian tradition nor an invention of communists. "Revolution journalism," as it was known, evolved in Eastern Europe at the turn of the century. In today's Wild West Russia, the tradition has been unleashed with a vengeance. It reflects a society in which civic virtues are either absent or at least different.

The battle for Russia's soul is now between such men as Boris Beresnevsky, probably the greatest industrialist or "oligarch" in today's Russia, owner of a major TV station as well as oil, auto and other interests, and the government of President Vladimir Putin. Putin himself is difficult to read. He may not be a great democrat, but that may not be what Russia wants or needs at this point. Either way, his squashing of the upper chamber of the duma and of Russia's regional governments was material and sadly necessary to give the central government more power.

I met Beresnevsky last week in New York City where he seemed to be on a public relations tour. Fluent in English, seemingly if expensively dazed, B.B. seemed neither all bad nor, certainly, all good. His apartment door has been boot-kicked, his driver decapitated when a car blow-up sent to him and his private plane unaccountably burnt into flames while he was onboard. As well, B.B. is suing *Korrespondent* for a 1996 article alleging him to be complicit in a murder. He was a strong promoter of Putin, but now speaks in rhapsodies about him. He claims to admire Putin's economic reforms, but dislikes his attempts to get industrialists like himself to accept some of their riches to Russia, and, understandably, he especially dislikes Putin's attempts to clamp down on the press. Last month, Beresnevsky named over 40 per cent of his media shares to his journalists "on loan" to qualify Putin.

I put my hopes on men such as Putin's impressive economic adviser Andrei Illarionov. His aims are modest but ambitious. As he likes to point out, Russia lost 50 per cent of its gross national product when its empire dissolved. It lost 65 per cent of the remaining GNP somewhere in the ether—most likely in the Swiss bank accounts of Russian politicians masquerading as informants but essentially using the notion of free enterprise as a cover for pure theft. "In five to 10 years," Illarionov told a recent visitor, "I am hopeful and cautiously confident that Russia will have a believable legal system, a credible level of honesty in government, a gross national product larger than Canada's and a standard of living at least as great as the lower end of the European Union countries such as Portugal."

That's an admirable aim, but it will require the coining of men like B.B. and his a car with nine lives—plus.

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Warrior Ways

Under the sway of a militant arm, Burnt Church refuses to give in to Ottawa

By John DeMont in Burnt Church

James Ward believes in the Way of the Warrior. He lives according to a code that blends the precepts of the Japanese samurai with American military philosophy and the traditional ways of his Mi'kmaq people. "Honour," he says, "is having the moral strength to do what is just at all times, regardless of the consequences." That creed helped make him a sergeant in the U.S. army. Trying to live up to his rigid convictions, he believes, also subconsciously drove him to try to commit suicide when he shot himself in the head in 1992 as his marriage collapsed and his military career seemed in shambles. But more than anything, that personal code explains why Ward, who is now blind in his right eye after the self-inflicted pistol wound, was at his post in Burnt Church, N.B., last week—four years after a Mi'kmaq platoon, powerful body encased in army fatigues—waiting for department of fisheries and oceans officers to arrive.

Ward, who holds no elected band position, has emerged as the leader of Burnt Church's militant arm. That makes the 31-year-old a big man in his people's eyes to bend to Ottawa's will in the tense standoff over native lobster fishing on Miramichi Bay. For a brief moment last week, it looked as though the conflict was over. But that was before a deal federal mediator Bob Rae, a former NDP premier of Ontario, had brokered collapsed in confusion, anger, disappointment—and gunfire. Wilbur Deloria, of the Burnt Church chief, insisted his people were willing to compromise and that Ottawa has been unbending since mediation began on



Sept. 12. But the federal government had run out of patience. With non-native fishermen threatening to take justice into their own hands, on Sept. 21, federal Fisheries Minister Herb Dhaliwal gave natives 24 hours to pull their lobster traps—which he considers illegal—or see the RCMP and DFO sweep down and seize them. "The time has come when I can no longer accept promises in place of action," Dhaliwal said. "I cannot negotiate at the expense of conservation, of fisheries or of social order."

The natives refused to budge. Fisheries officers actually stood ahead of the deadline, pulling more than 100 traps be-

On the shore of Miramichi Bay, Ward (below), a native leader, shows vigilance.

fore dawn the next morning. And the RCMP reported that a non-native fishing boat was hit by a bullet fired from another vessel sometime in the early-morning hours on Friday (No one was hurt). On Saturday, three non-natives were arrested after they were found in the water off the shore just after 2 a.m. The Mi'kmaq detained the three men as they docked in nearby Négusac an hour later, confiscating two rifles and a shotgun. In Vancouver, natives occupied Dhaliwal's constituency office, vowing to stay until the minister resigns.

Those incidents came despite pleas from leaders on both sides to stick to nonviolent means of protest. Maurice Tremblay, a spokesman for the Maritime Fishermen's Union, said the three men were acting on their own. Meanwhile, band leaders urged their members to stay onshore to pray, chant and burn sweetgrass rather than ask confrontation on the waters. And on Saturday, DFO officials removed 800 traps without incident.

There may be some residents willing, for the sake of peace, to surrender a right they feel the Supreme Court of Canada confirmed a year ago. But they were not among the Warriors—from Burnt Church and across throughout Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba and British Columbia—patrolling the shoreline. "I'll die to protect what is rightfully ours," said Shane Francis, a 19-year-old Grade 12 student who was aboard a native fishing boat when it collided with a DFO vessel last month.

Activists have hardened in Burnt Church. The reserve drew to life in the sand after the September 1999, Supreme Court ruling in the Donald Marshall case that eastern Canadian Mi'kmaq and Malisees could earn a "moderate livelihood" from hunting, fishing and gathering. When they dropped their traps, the natives intended to prove a point, and to bring a measure of prosperity to the dim-poor reserve. But a year of dispute with Ottawa and confrontation with non-native fishermen has made some members of the band unwilling to deal. "Each time a boat is rammed or somebody gets arrested, our determination to fight on just grows," says Denis Bartholomew, a band councillor, who has repeatedly had his traps cut by fisheries officers.

And throughout the standoff, Ward, with his militant views and (troupe-style) hair, has been Ottawa's worst nightmare. He has been everywhere: monitoring the band's strategy for setting traps and eluding federal officers; heading up security, and emerging as the band's media spokesman. The father of four—who considers his

intensity Mi'kmaq even though he holds American citizenship—has been feared, arrested and, he says, named by a DFO Zodiac while towing traps into the water.

Truth is, Ward has always been drawn to the combat field. He was born in Worcester, Mass., but spent most of his early years shuttling between his father's home there and Burnt Church, his mother's birthplace, where he lived with his sister. After high school, he joined the U.S. army, and five years later was heading a four-man team specially trained to drop behind enemy lines and gather intelligence. Then, he says, his wife accused him of abusing her. When she threatened to leave with their two children, something snapped. "I had the equivalent of a blackout. I don't remember exactly what happened," he recalled. "Between the anger and the dishonesty, that is when I picked up my pistol, said to her 'Here it is,' and put it to my head and pulled the trigger."

Ward, who nearly died in the ambulance, was in hospital for 10 weeks recuperating, and the resulting loss of vision ended his military career. So he headed to Fredericton where he enrolled in the University of New Brunswick, completing a bachelor of arts degree in 1998. He wrote a thesis on aboriginal self-determination reflecting his belief that natives would not be treated fairly in Canada until they could negotiate with Ottawa on a nation-to-nation basis.

His battles in the native-rights war came that same year when native loggers in New Brunswick defied cut down trees to protest a court ruling that they had no right to log on native lands. Ward acted as security adviser for Noah Augustine, an emerging aboriginal leader, who was found not guilty of murder in a high-profile trial last year—and who last week warned the Burnt Church band against violent confrontation.

When the Burnt Church conflict arose, Ward was ready, in his words "in [the] leadership position." But he is not the only person adhering to the Warrior's code. Reasons to feel good have always been in short supply in Burnt Church, where the unemployment rate reaches 90 per cent and the small community is filled with the graves of the young who fell victim to drugs, alcohol and suicide. Now, children see their fathers going out to fight for their rights and the rights of future generations, and everybody feels happy," says Len Bartholomew, a band drug counsellor who has been fishing for lobster since the Marshall decision a year ago. "It is empowering." And that can inspire a person to stand up against the most overwhelming odds. ■



Photo by J. DeMont

A new Day dawning

Image is everything as Alliance's leader arrives in Ottawa

By John Geddes in Ottawa

Ask a Parliament Hill veteran about Question Period—politics, political aide or reporter—and chances are you will tell you: Question Period is easy to despise. It's empty theatre, right? All those cynical non-questions and glib non-answers. All that shouting from the backbenches. And the media coverage—nothing but the 30-second sound bite makes it. Correction. Make that 10 seconds. So when the MPs returned to Ottawa from their summer vacations last week, along with two party leaders fresh from by-election victories, the Conservatives' Joe Clark and the Alliance's Stockwell Day, House Speaker Glib Parrot spoke for many when he got things started with a paradoxical "Let the games begin." Day echoed that note in his first exchange with Prime Minister Jean Chrétien by returning to the old line about seeing "why they call this Question Period and not answer period."

Yet there it was, 45 minutes of political prime time at the heart of the day's parliamentary business. Born in a week crisscrossed with substance—including Finance Minister Paul Martin's revelation that Ottawa posted a massive \$12.5-billion surplus in the 1999-2000 fiscal year, \$9.3 billion more than he had predicted in last February's budget—QP style presaged the capital last week. Political insiders, overwhelmed by rumours of a fall election call, viewed the daily faceoff in the Commons as a series of warm-up bouts for the campaign trail. So Day arrived last week with an air of proper respect for QP tradition—but also a willingness to test its boundaries.



Day steering the daily Commons faceoff as a series of campaign warm-ups

His lead-off questions followed a tried-and-true pattern, sticking to the day's news, mostly about gun prices and times. Outside the chamber, though, he parlayed by adrodding the time-honoured media scrum in favour of what he promised would be daily post-QP news conferences in a utilitarian business

briefing room. Chrétien quickly labelled Day's chosen venue "the white collar." Liberal MPs dutifully chuckled, but some conservative experts thought Day might be on to something. The scenario is a volatile whole for crafting an image. When a politician is on a roll, there is an energy in the House foyer

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that can occasionally make for good TV. But scrambling is hardly the way to become prime minister—a transformation Day must accomplish if he is to be taken seriously by many voters. Day is, after all, most identified so far with his sweat-and-suit photo-ops: on-line skating or swapping up to a news conference on a noisy *Wipe Out* runner. (Note to Alliance technicians: the cottage-warrior vote may be alienated beyond salvaging.)

The little room where Day plans to hold mass after every QP is a rare sedate setting. He stands at a podium with the Canadian and provincial flags lined up behind him. There is none of the neck-cracking, jostling feel of a forum. "It looks like coherent public-policy discussion," said Laura Peck, a consultant with the media-training firm Barry McLaughlin Associates Inc. "He faces the camera square-on. He looks right through the reporters and into people's homes."

That sort of thumbs-up review is unsettling for Liberal scholars now pondering election timing. Sure, Day looked a little off at times, but that seemed appropriate for a rookie. Certainly, there is no sign that he will fight against the flow of QP the way the Alliance predecessor, the Reform party, did after its 1993 election breakthrough. Determined to be different, Reform experimented with seating its leader, Preston Manning, behind the front row and letting floor lights pose the first question. Those queries often ignored the day's events and stuck doggedly to Reform's core concerns. As a result, unfriendly MP's asking about bottom-of-mind issues kept Reform from newsmen and front pages. Manning soon reverted to more customary strategy.

An outsider tried to advise Reform on QP tactics after the 1997 election, former CBC journalist Denise Radniski says. Day shows a firm grasp of QP tactics. "Ask a question on the news of the day. Ask your toughest question first. Ask one with a who, what, when and why element, so maybe reporters will repeat your question instead of going into the seamy and asking their own." Do all that right and what does



Chrétien
contemplating
an election call

get you? Radniski argues the payoff comes less by making a direct impression on voters, than by influencing opinion-makers. "QP is where reporters gain the impressions they filter back to readers and viewers," she contends. Jonathan Ross, a Queen's University political studies professor and author of a recent book on political advertising, agrees that between election campaigns,

QP remains crucial. "The strength of the party," Ross says, "will often depend on whether its leader is able to stand up to the rigours of Parliament."

As Chrétien contemplates when to call an election, Day's strength in the House is being closely analyzed. Liberal pollster Michael Manichuk, chairman and CEO of Pollara Inc., says polls that showed the governing party comfortably ahead before Day and Chrétien spouted in the House should be viewed with extreme caution. "We want people to see that little TV clip of Day asking the PM something and the PM responding," Manichuk recently told *Markus*. "Canadians will then contrast and compare." After last week, any hope Liberals had that Canadians would be fixating views based on a noisier opposition leader looking badly outmaneuvered by a veteran prime minister appears to be gone. ■

Clothes can make the politician

Words like "impep," "hyped" and "fringed" popped up in one so-called expert's analysis of the Quebec period fallout between Jean Chrétien and Stockwell Day. And unlike other pundits, Harry Rosen, Canada's most famous tailor-mender, could have let the matter breeze during QP and still come to his conclusion.

In fact, his assistant videotaped the session for the busy Rosen, 69, to pore over later at the request of *Maclean's*. It was not pleasant viewing. Rosen, who oversees a countryside chain of upscale menswear stores, deplored the suits both Chrétien and Day wore. He did not like their ties. Most of all, and most painfully for a man with his cultivated sense of the colour palette, he disapproved strenuously of the matched waist shirts on the Prime Minister and the leader of the Opposition. "They could be wearing little mini-dresses that are handkerchiefs and ties, stripes, and all manner of colours," Rosen sighed. "But they are frightened of them. When is this—and impep—in my view."

The master tailor is disappointed that the staid Day often resorts to the "wedding-like" combination of a somber suit and ivory tie when he isn't working gear. "He could make much more of what he's got physically," Rosen observed, wondering if Day's ideological conservatism is reflected in his drab taste. Chrétien's cautious ties and navy suits, often double-breasted, also fall short of Rosen's standards. Why not go three-breasted? "One can age and still project a progressive attitude, which he doesn't," Rosen says. "To me, the way Chrétien dresses is hyped."

Where might Chrétien and Day look for sartorial enlightenment? Rosen suggests Bill Clinton, who updated presidential style by embracing Brooks Brothers stodginess in favour of Donna Karan soft shoulders. Or, closer to home, how about Gilles Duceppe? Separate he may be, but Rosen says the Bloc Québécois leader looks "very well put together."

J.G.

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Despite doubts his personal popularity, his party ranks ahead

ment scrubbed talks planned for this weekend with the British Columbia Medical Association.

But if his party's return to robust health still seems far off, Dosanjh's buoyant mood may not be entirely misplaced. Since taking over in Canada's third-most populous province, the 53-year-old premier has put a stop to the self-inflicted political wounds that claimed his predecessor, Glen Clark. His personal popularity (at 59 per cent, according to Reid), leads that of the Liberals' Gordon Campbell by nine points. If Dosanjh's private goal is something less than a third NDP term—something closer, say, to preserving his party's abatement, as some pundits have been predicting—then he may even have reason to hope.

He does, at least, have a plan. Embarrassingly for the NDP, however, it was the party's political opponents who disclosed it last week. Campbell's Liberals handed out to reporters what they said was the governing party's re-election strategy. A spokesman for the New Democrats subsequently confirmed the leaked document was genuine. It revealed a two-part playbook for winning the election Dosanjh must call by next June. One thrust would build on Dosanjh's personal popularity, casting him as more trustworthy than Campbell and a clear break from Clark and the party's first eight years in office. The rest of the NDP strategy is aimed at re-constituting its coalition of support from labour, environmentalists, women and multicultural groups. In past elections, they have delivered an irrefutable core of more than 30 per cent of ballots cast in the province. These groups can now expect bonus points for the labour code, more parks, as "economic roundtable" for women and cash grants for ethnic community projects.

Meanwhile, Dosanjh appears to be counting on the emergency injection of more than a quarter of a billion dollars to tranquillize the province's simmering health-care crisis until new federal funds begin to flow next April. In combination with earlier doses of provincial

Canada

In need of a booster shot

The B.C. New Democrats may be on life-support

By Chris Wood in Vancouver

For a few hours, it looked like one of the most amiable events in Canadian politico-medical history. Returning from Ottawa bearing a script for \$3 billion in federal transfusions for British Columbia's ailing health system, Premier Ujjal Dosanjh summoned the legislature in Victoria to a rare one-day session to approve a further \$290 million in immediate relief. The double dose of spending apparently persuaded the B.C. premier that his New Democratic Party's political health—diminished for months by most observers as being on life-support—was on the mend. Promising to start "cutting drapes" the very next day, Dosanjh told reporters he was feeling, "Good. Very, very good."

Good enough, in fact, that he might even call an election. "It could," he hazily, "be any time."

It could. But within days, speculation about a fall vote in British Columbia faded, driven out by devastating new data from the political equivalent of a diagnostic lab. Vancouver-based Angus Reid Group released a poll indicating Dosanjh's party was not only in third place but had lost ground since he took over last February. According to Reid, only 19 per cent of decided voters now back the NDP—fewer than half the 48 per cent who say they would vote for its main opposition, the B.C. Liberals. Meanwhile, hopes for the health-care system slipped as more doctors walked away from their consulting rooms in rural centres and the govern-

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The promise of a \$40-million cheque for rural physicians did little to lessen the hostility they feel for Victoria

finding, the latest sums should more than eliminate what hospital administrators had warned was a looming \$200-million governor-wide operating deficit for the current fiscal year. "We're very pleased with the new funding arrangements," said Larry Odegaard, CEO of the Health Association of B.C., which represents the directors of most of the province's health regions, hospitals and other health-care facilities. "There is real new value going into the system when this money flows."

But whenever its long-term effects, the cash infusion did little to soothe inflamed relations between the province and its doctors and nurses. Shortages of both have forced even large hospitals in the Lower Mainland to close operating rooms in recent months. Even more acute shortages at smaller centres, especially of specialists, have sparked escalating protests among the over-worked physicians still practising in those areas. "We have lost our kidney specialist and our plastic surgeon," says Dr. Margaret MacDermid, a family physician in central Tofino (population 8,000). "We could lose our anesthesiologist. We lost our anesthesiologist, we can't function." A patchwork of provincial agreements put in place to help ease centres attract and keep doctors, has merely deepened the problems for communities not part of such deals. Last week, doctors in Fort St. John and Dawson Creek in the Peace River district of northeastern British Columbia, joined those in nine other communities who have withdrawn non-emergency services to recent weeks.

Among the cheques Dougough promised to write was one for \$40 million for rural physicians. But MacDermid says the promise did nothing to lessen hos-



Campbell: production of a Liberal stamp

tility between small-town doctors and Victoria. "It's worse," she adds. Dougough's \$40 million is the same as the amount offered in a package the doctors agreed to in August. "It won't solve the problem," says MacDermid. To compound her dismay, 48 hours before tabling an spending plan in the legislature, the government announced it was pulling out of the talks—scheduled to resume on Oct. 1—with the British Columbia Medical Association to work out a new master contract covering all doctors in the province.

Doctors are not the only health group the NDP has left dangling while it figures out its plan. Nurses accuse the government of being deaf to their increasingly urgent calls for increases to counter a severe shortage in their ranks.

"We have a very cautious atmosphere in the system," says Odegaard. As much as he welcomes new spending, "there is a lot of pre-emptive frustration the money will not address."

Spending alone is unlikely to endur-

ance to many British Columbians. The government insists it can cut cheques without incurring an overdraft, after what it claims is a second successive surplus provincial budget. But the party made the same claim for the two previous acts of books—claims later found to be false. And other demands on the cheques account have come to be rejected. Meritists pushing the British Columbia Ferry Corp. docks south of Vancouver have been steeled recently by the sight of something like a gargantuan beached whale. In fact, it is only a whale skeleton being protected from the elements while it awaits a buyer. Beneath the tarp is the last of three high-speed ferries built at a cost of \$463 million, and all promptly put up for sale at an expected deep discount. "Any government trying to repeat for a third time is going to have difficulties," observes Angus Reid pollster Daniel Soren. "Dougough is fighting against two mistakes that were troubled from both scandal and mismanagement."

On the other hand, Soren concedes Dougough has a shot at salvaging something from his strategy. The B.C. economy is expected to grow by about three per cent this year. If it continues to pick up, and the premier can avoid any fresh political disaster, or eruptions of old ones (investigations continue into the actions of his predecessors, Clark), Soren thinks the NDP "might remain a solid opposition" after the next election.

University of Victoria political scientist Norman Ruff, however, sees a darker message for Dougough in Soren's numbers. "There's an assumption the NDP will bounce back," he says, based on the party's historic loyal "floor" of a third of B.C. voters. "The NDP floor may have shifted significantly downward." If so, the party could be heading for a near-death experience; Campbell's Liberals could swoop as much as 72 of the 79 seats in the legislature. "We're looking at an alternative universe," says Ruff. "It is a universe where finishing a healthy second might begin to look 'very, very good' indeed to Ujjal Dosough. ■

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Paul Bernardo's appeal is turned down

The Supreme Court denied Paul Bernardo's leave to appeal his convictions for the murders of schoolgirls Kristen French and Leslie Mahaffy. Bernardo claims his wife Karla Homolka is responsible. She is serving a 12-year manslaughter sentence. Photographs from 1993 show her with fellow inmate Christine Sherry, who was convicted for helping her girls to be used as sex slaves.

Fuel protests keep the pressure on

Angered by soaring fuel prices and high gas taxes, about 1,600 independent truckers in Ontario initiated a go-slow policy. The provincial government had hoped shipping companies that charge their customers more when fuel prices rise would voluntarily pass on some of the money to the drivers to help them cope with soaring operating costs. But last last week, the province and the industry failed to reach an agreement on passing on the surcharges. As a result, truckers continued their protests by parking their rigs at the side of a roadway—and the threat of a coal blockade of Ontario highways loomed large.

The strategy was similar to the one that brought parts of Europe to a halt during the past four weeks. And on each side of the Atlantic, the options for giving consumers, as well as truckers, a break in prices were the

same: cut taxes, offer subsidies or increase the fuel supply. Before leaving Canada for a Group of Seven meeting in Prague, Finance Minister Paul Martin said he was working on a federal-provincial tax deal. But Martin, who also planned to push for action at the G-7 meeting, declined to say whether the federal government is ready to act on its own. In Washington, the U.S. energy department announced it will release 30 million barrels of oil from the government's emergency stockpile of about 591 million barrels.



Paying at the pump

Price of regular gasoline and the amount that is tax, in cents per litre, for selected cities as of Sept. 29

City	Price	Tax
Calgary	\$1.04	\$0.14
Edmonton	\$1.04	\$0.14
Halifax	\$1.04	\$0.14
Montreal	\$1.04	\$0.14
Ottawa	\$1.04	\$0.14
Quebec	\$1.04	\$0.14
Toronto	\$1.04	\$0.14
Vancouver	\$1.04	\$0.14
Winnipeg	\$1.04	\$0.14

The language wars rage on: A shadowy anti-English organization, La Brigade d'autodéfense du français (the French-language Self-Defence Brigade), claimed responsibility for attempted arson at a Montreal church where anglophone activists were scheduled to meet. The BAF had previously said it was responsible for a series of other incidents, including spray-painting stores. Quebec's language debate was further inflamed last week when the province's French-language watchdog, the Conseil de la langue française, said that companies with English-language registered trademark names cannot be forced to use French versions in Quebec. International laws protect the use of such names, the language board told the provincial government, which had asked it to examine the issue in 1998.

Whither Romanow?

It was a week of rumours surrounding Saskatchewan Premier Roy Romanow. First came intensifying speculation that the senior New Democrat would be stepping down after 29 years as an elected politician. Then came word that Romanow might seek a federal Liberal nomination for the next election. At week's end, an unrepentant Romanow said no announcement on his future was imminent.

No early release for Ludwig

The National Parole Board ruled against giving Wilko Ludwig early parole. Ludwig, convicted last April of five charges relating to vandalism in the Alberta oilpatch and sentenced to 28 months in jail, would have been eligible for day parole in late October. But the parole board said Ludwig was likely to engage in further criminal acts.

Screening for AIDS

Immigration Minister Elmer Callaghan said Ottawa intends to implement a policy requiring prospective immigrants to be screened for HIV and hepatitis B. Spokesmen for HIV/AIDS groups called the plan discriminatory. But, the immigration minister responded, "the priority must always be what is in the public-health interests of Canadians."

Axworthy retires from federal politics

Foreign Affairs Minister Lloyd Axworthy, who has represented Winnipeg's South Centre since 1979, announced he will not run in the next election. The 60-year-old politician, whose left-leaning policies have been attacked by conservative critics, was instrumental in negotiating the global land-mines treaty, which was signed in 1997 by 89 nations. A university professor before entering politics, Axworthy will remain as foreign minister until a Liberal cabinet shuffle, expected some time this fall, and will then become head of the Law Centre for Global Issues, a think-tank at the University of British Columbia. He said he also hopes to write



Axworthy, with Prime Minister Jean Chrétien: 21 years in federal politics

a book on solving global problems. Tony Leader Joe Clark, external affairs minister in Brian Mulroney's government, urged Axworthy to step down immediately. "Canada can't have a lame duck foreign minister," Clark said. "If he is going to leave, he should leave." Axworthy, noting the defections from Clark's Conservatives to other parties, responded: "I guess you better ask him who the lame duck." The Liberals are hoping to have a big name candidate to replace him in his riding.



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Canadians won a handful of medals, but the team's disappointments made it clear the country needs a better-financed sport system

Upsets Down Under

By James Deacon in Sydney

It was a non-stop comment, uttered in the heat of the moment, but it hit the mark. Sprinter Beauri Smith had just run an incredibly slow first heat in the men's 100 metres on the track at Stadium Australia. His 10.41 seconds left him in fourth place in the first, and only the top three finishers were guaranteed advancement to the next round. There was a buzz in the stadium—the 1999 silver medalist at the world championships was in danger of not making the second of four 100-m sprints. As it turned out, he did progress, edging out another runner for the last place in the field by a microscopic four one-thousandths of a second. Smith didn't know that when he crossed the finish line, though—he assumed he'd blown a shoe at Olympic glory. Visibly upset when he left the track, he waved off reporters on his way to the athletes' change room. But as he passed the Canadian press corps' thickets of outstretched microphones and tape recorders, he couldn't help himself. "Not good," he barked. "Not good at all."

Good thing misery loves company. In a tough week for Canada at the Summer Games, Smith's angry outburst, though directed at his own performance, could have applied to the results of any number of his high-profile teammates. Every country has athletes who fall short of pre-Games hopes—Australia's "Madame Butterfly" Saito O'Neill didn't win her specialty, Romanian boat

rower Russia for the first time in the gymnastics team competition. But Canada's disappointment was something else. Medal favourite Carol Montgomery crashed in the cycling portion of the triathlon. Defending Olympic 100-m champion Donovan Bailey was knocked out by a virus, and Smith succumbed to a hamstring pull. Marianne Limpert and Joanne Malar swam career-best times, but not fast enough to win medals. Three-time world champion Alison Sykes finished fifth in mountain biking, and Tanya Dubnicoff settled for seventh on the cycling track. The women's water-polo team saw their medal hopes sink, and rower Derek Porter came up a fraction of a second short of bronze. When the tears dried, there was Canada, one week into the Games, with just six medals—and not happy about it.



Bailey falling behind; Targov (below left), and Cockburn on the podium; Myden making waves (opposite) physical ability is only part of the Olympic medal equation—the great impediment to the athletes' ability to compete is money



Canada's Olympic team sent home a message from the Summer Games last week, and the message is this: they can no longer be expected to compete on the world stage. It's not that they are physically incapable. Gold-medal-winning triathlete Simon Whitfield, three-time worlder Nicola Gili in judo, and bronze-winner Karen Cockburn and Matthew Targov in triathlon. Caris Myden in swimming and the young women's rowing eight all owe it to the talent in Canada. And there are great hopes this week for paddlers Caroline Bruner and Karen Furness, wonder Daniel Igali and gymnast Alexander Jeklov, among others.

The problem for Canada's contingent is not physical ability so much as the gold-medal equation. The great impediment to the athletes' ability to compete is money. Without a better-organized, better-financed sport system, they have little hope of keeping up with the rest of the world. National sport federations in the United States, France, Britain, the Netherlands and Australia, among others, outspend Canada by wide margins. Those countries' athletes get more training time, more full-time coaching, the latest in facilities, bigger travel budgets, greater access to sports psychologists and physiotherapies—

whatever helps their performance. By comparison, in the last 10 years, Canadian competition saw their already modest support programs slashed by Canada's deficit-fighting efforts in the 1990s. As a result, Canada can no longer expect this team to map the same number of medals in past terms. "We had those big ones," said Al Morrow, the women's head rowing coach, "and things like that come back to haunt you."

Despite Montgomery's woes on the very first day, the Canadiana medal well. Whitfield means, cycled and ran to a stunning upset in the men's triathlon on Day 2, and when swimmer Myden, from Calgary, won bronze the next night in the 400-m individual medley, all seemed well. But then hopes began to drown in the pool and on the rowing course. Myden didn't even qualify for the final of the 200-m IM, an event in which he won bronze in 1996. Limpert of Fredericton, silver-medallist in the 200-m BM in Atlanta, swam a personal best in the final heat, yet finished just off the podium. Swimmer Malar of Hamilton recorded some career-best times only to place seventh and fifth in the 400- and 200-m medleys.

At the regatta centre in Penrith, in the west of Sydney, the





'Win or not,' said Denis Coderre, 'those kids are great ambassadors for our country'

gloom began to set in immediately after reigning world pairs champions Emma Robinson and Theresa Lake finished third in their preliminary heat and had to qualify for the final through a repechage. Suddenly rowing, Canada's go-to sport in 1992 and 1996, looked shaky. It was after a week of hard racing, only three of nine Canadian entries—Lalor and Robinson, single-sculler Peter and the women's eight—advanced to the medal finals. And only the women's eight finished better than fourth, leaving the team with one medal after winning six at the 1996 Olympic regatta. Robinson and Lake, part of that eight team, were plainly unhappy with their earlier results. "I feel disappointed," Robinson said, "that I didn't take the steps that other crews took to get quicker this year." But asked what, in fact, the other crews were doing, Lake said, "Who knows? They do it off us."

The eighty felt on the track, too. Trying to compare against a vicious pair like Italy, simply ran out of gas. He met with reporters after the heat, but looked rick and was visibly upset that his companion never really got started. "It's my last time to be going to the Olympics," he said grimly. "I guess I'll have to reflect on that." Soon, meanwhile, aggravated a recent hamstring pull in the first heat, but continued to run because it might be his last Games, too. "I want for it," the Miramichi said. "I didn't say any regrets."

Some critics suggest Canada's athletes underperformed because they didn't have the win-at-all-costs determination to reach the heights, or they were too happy just to be there. That checks, however, ignores the fact that many competitors turned in personal bests or set national and Commonwealth records. There is no doubting Sydnor's determination to win, and no one who saw Brian or Langerer after their respective fourth-place finishes could reasonably suggest they were just happy to be there. Four years of training, diet-watching and poverty-punching on an athlete's income put to get one step short of the goal. "It really sucks," Langerer muttered when asked to turn up her feelings about being ripped for bronze in the 200-m IM by a mere 12 one-hundredths of a second.



Turns, voice cracking, saw from the results sheet that he'd scored a poor race. That was no consolation. "Fourth is a tough place to be," he said. "Really tough."

The man's biggest official cheerleader, Denis Coderre, the energetic secretary of state for sport, and he knew from talking to athletes, coaches and administrators that a decline in team performance was inevitable. Sitting in his home lobby late week in full red-and-white team regalia, Coderre pointed that help in the way from his meetings with all parties, he has catalogued horror stories about the largely under-outfunded athlete-development system in Canada. To offer again, he is hosting a federal conference on sport next February from that, he hopes a more effective and unified sport system, supported by new legislation, will emerge.

Earlier this year, Coderre boasted the most athletes paid to attend summer athletes and handed out an additional \$3 million to woefully underfunded coaches. But he knew these new commitments still don't restore what was taken away in the 1990s, let alone cover cost-of-living increases in the last 10 years. And he couldn't help but see the connection between Australia's remarkable medal haul and its very superior financial commitment to sport. Canada—a nation of 31 million—spends \$62 million a year to fund everything from kids' soccer to elite Olympians, while Australia—a nation of 19 million—hands out an estimated

Gol baffling a Japanese dual on the way to silver you have to focus on your own event.

The women's eight, after the team's troubles at the lake, a gutsy performance.

\$280 million. Coderre would not say if Ottawa was prepared to ante up again, but he did promise the athletes that things would get better—and soon. "Win or not, these kids are great ambassadors for our country," he said. "So medals or not, I am going to be there for them."

His constituents will be watching. It's not so much that athletes and coaches want more money in their pockets. They want a system that will give them the same chance to win at international competitions as their peers have. "We're not on a level playing field with the rest of the world, especially Australia," says Lalor, a three-time Olympian. "It's not Canada No. 1 concern, but if you expect gold medals, you've got to back it up with money." Canadian Olympic Association president Bill Warren agrees. "I think we have to ask ourselves whether we have a priority for amateur sport, and if we do, then we have to do more for it." Warren told Mitchell. "And if we don't have a priority for amateur sport, we're going to have to be content with results that are disappointing."

One controversial proposal would use Sport Canada's cash income to address who wins medals. Italy does and has seen its medal count rise. Australia rewards medalists, too. Coderre is dubious, saying he does not want to increase anything that might increase the incentive for team members to take performance-enhancing drugs. But Canadian swim coach Dave Johnson says he has seen the impact incentives have had on the performance of veteran athletes. He also sees the value in offering a reason for veteran athletes to stay in their sports, which in turn is a boon to younger competitors. "If we can keep some of those great swimmers in the program," Johnson said after meeting hosts at the Aquatic Centre, "then we can create all sorts of positive downstream effects that benefit the whole system."



This year might convince Empires, for one, to carry on. Though sad to leave the pool without a medal, the 27-year-old still had a solid run. Sitting on the shoreline after a morning workout, she said she would consider staying for another couple of years—her only under certain conditions. "Obviously, I'd do it only if I was still enjoying swimming," she says. "And I want to feel like I am still getting better, and that I still have a chance to win." Then, at an afterthought, she adds, "Without drugs." That comment astounded veteran. With 17 world medals falling in one moment, there were inevitably poolside whippers about how certain swimmers were suddenly turning in record times.

The world's disappointment was mitigated by top performance by newcomers in new sports as well as by Olympic vets. Gill, the Miramichi who captured bronze in judo in 1992, demonstrated the importance of his silver medal. Fresh on a downcast mood, "You can't think too much about it because you have no focus on your own event," he explained. "That of course, I know it would be nice if there were more Canadians winning medals." In transposition, making it Olympic debut, the medals for Goldstein and Targion also gave their country's spirit a boost. In fact, Targion, a York University student who trains with—and dines—Cackburn, said he became a "what inspired him to his surprise medal." "I did my best routine," he said. "This is way more than I could ever imagine."

Other Canadians—Branet, Iphig and company—are all strong contenders this week. And there are steep odds horses coming through. If Sarin and Bailey get healthy, then the Canadians might just defend their Olympic 4x 100-m sprint relay title. Of course, that is a big "if." "I tell you right now," Sarin said after dropping out of the 100, "the way I feel, it will take a miracle for me to be able to run the relay." Given everything that happened last week, even a small miracle would be welcome. ■

The spending gap in sports

CANADA

Population: 31 million

National sports centres: 8

Total budget: \$53.4 million

Total government spending on Olympic sports: \$280 million

Grated athletes monthly allowance: \$1,085 to \$2,020

Model reward scheme: Gold \$12,125 Silver \$6,065 Bronze \$4,045

(no such program exists in Canada)

(Olympic medals (value))

Gold Silver Bronze Total

(3) (11) (8) (22)

(Olympic medals (value at the weekend))

Gold Silver Bronze Total

(1) (1) (8) (9)

AUSTRALIA

Population: 19 million

National sports centres: 8

Total budget: \$53.4 million

Total government spending on Olympic sports: \$280 million

Grated athletes monthly allowance: \$1,085 to \$2,020

Model reward scheme: Gold \$12,125 Silver \$6,065 Bronze \$4,045

(no such program exists in Canada)

(Olympic medals (value))

Gold Silver Bronze Total

(9) (9) (25) (43)

(Olympic medals (value at the weekend))

Gold Silver Bronze Total

(10) (5) (25) (40)

OLYMPIC MEDALS FOR INFO

Australia Parties On

While the world's athletes strutted their stuff, the hosts celebrated their 'no worries' Games—and their medal haul

By Andrew Phillips in Sydney

The centre of the action in Sydney last week was Olympic Park, the sprawling complex of stadiums and arenas where hundreds of athletes swam, ran, jumped and threw their way through the first week of the Summer Games. But its emotional heart was 15 km to the east in a downtown place called Martin Place. Night after night, thousands of Australians packed the square, swelling in a perpetual party fuelled by copious quantities of Foster's lager and a megadose of national pride. And just to make things perfect, the home team was turning in a stellar performance. Again and again, the spectators of Sydney echoed with the tribal cry of 'Aussie! Aussie! Aussie! Oi Oi Oi!'

Oi Oi Oi indeed. For a country that treats sport as the closest thing to a national religion, simply hosting the Olympics would be reason enough to party in the streets. Palling their off with a minimum of fuss and a maximum of good feeling would be ample cause for collective congratulations. But to do all that while watching Australia's athletes harvest a bumper crop of medals (59 in the first week of competition, putting the nation of just 19 million third behind the United States and China) was heaven itself. "We pulled it off, didn't we?" beamed Leo Spinks, a 77-year-old Sydneysider amid the crowd at Martin Place. "Nobody can say we're just a nation of bunglers and kookies anymore."

Those were—at least in the half-past point—Australia's "no worries" Games. Pretty much everything worked, in conspicuous contrast to the chaos in Atlanta four years



Local hero 'Thorpedo' (left), France and Australia slug it out at French Beach. It is a country that treats sport as the closest thing to a national religion, the Olympics become a national obsession, with people taking off work to watch the Games



ago. The headlines out of Sydney were not about transportation woes or terrorist attacks; they were usually about athletes doing what they do best. About showboating American runner Maurice Greene blurring the tape at 100-m sprint in 9.87 seconds, while Marion Jones of the United States dominated the women's 100-m in 10.75 seconds. About a team of Chinese gymnasts finally striking gold, and the U.S. Dream Team—despite a scare from the Lithuanians—cracking rounds basketball supremacy. About a dramatic exit from the Games by the French runner Marie-José Péro, who unaccountably fled Sydney for Singapore and left the field clear for a dramatic attempt at gold in the women's 400-m this week by her archrival, Australia's Cathy Freeman. And, not least, the

watch company, the subject of glowing newspaper articles like the one that ran in Sydney's *Daily Mirror* under the headline: "How to make a boy at nine in Ian Thorpe." Two nights later, Thorpe was under tremendous pressure to repeat his success when he competed in the 200-m freestyle. Instead, suffering from a sore throat and headaches after his earlier effort, he had to settle for silver, just behind the 22-year-old Dutch sensation Pieter van den Hoogenband, who equalled his own world record in the event. But the young Australian did win a third gold as part of his country's 4 x 200 freestyle relay team—which set yet another world mark.

Another Dutch winner captured imaginations—and medals—as well: Inge de Bruijn, the heavily muscled, 27-year-old powerhouse,

Games were about a bevy of earned, near-bodies playing volleyball on the sands of lovely Bondi Beach to the sound of chatty Beach Boys tunes.

For the hometown crowd, however, they started right off with a classic display of raw talent in one of the postage Olympic sports—swimming. For eight straight nights, Olympic and world records fell and Sydney's 17,500-seat Aquatic Centre roared at Australian, Dutch and American swimmers dominated what may have been the most impressive group of athletes ever assembled in one pool. Australians renege their champion swimmers the way Canadians honour the best hockey players, and night after night they had a chance to hold their own.

It started early, when their 17-year-old swimming star, Ian Thorpe, took gold in the 400-m freestyle, then led his country's 4 x 100-m relay team to victory—all the more because they defeated an American team that had never been beaten. In less than an hour, two gold medals and two world records. "The Thorpedo" was instantly elevated to the status of national icon, his face plastered on billboards promoting a bank and a

Some of the fast times in the pool raised inevitable suspicions that the results might be tainted by illegal performance-enhancing drugs



broke her own world record to take the gold in the 100-m butterfly, then set yet another record and won the 100-m freestyle race—her 10th world-second time since May. American swimmers took home their share of the swimming medals, as well—55 in all—with backstroke specialist Lenny Kraybill capturing two golds. In all, 17 world records were broken, making the Sydney swimming competition one of the fastest ever.

It was so fast, in fact, that suspicions were raised that the results might be skewed by illegal performance-enhancing drugs. Women's swimming, in particular, has long been plagued by cheating among East German and Chinese athletes. More recently, Michelle Smith of Ireland, who won three gold medals in Atlanta, was suspended for doping. No one publicly accused last week's winners of breaking the rules, but an American official came close. Richard Quirk, coach of the U.S. women's squad, raved the race after one of his stars, Jenny Thompson, had to settle for bronze behind the Dutch.

"I absolutely do not think that is a drug-free Olympic Games," said Quirk. "Look at the depth of many of the fields. A lot of great athletes are not in the finals and are not medalists." The Dutch response, from coach Jacco Verhaar: "I think it's a little bit of jealousy."

In a few other sports, illegal drug use was no ru-

James in flight, dominating the women's 300 m in 10:15 seconds

positive for a banned drug, furosemide, which is used to lose weight. He was stripped of his medal and it was awarded instead to the Chinese competitor he had edged out. Then two more Bulgarian weightlifters were found to have used the same drug; they lost their medals and their whole team was tossed out of the Games. The flurry of awarded athletes, officials insisted, was just a sign of more drug use but proof that they were better at detecting cheating. "The controls are working well," said François Carrard, the IOC's director-general.

The upbeat atmosphere surrounding the Games, however, could not be dented by a handful of doping charges. If there was a place to take the uniquely Australian flavor of Sydney's Olympics, it had to be Bondi Beach, the magnificent stretch of sand barely 15 minutes from the downtown skyscrapers. It was there the beach volleyball tournament was playing out, with the ocean gulfing between the sands and a display of tanned flesh scarminated anywhere else in 1996—at least legally. On days when the women's teams went at it, Sydney's wide-population filled the stands to admire the elite young players in their athletic leotards. Whenever a cheer went up inside the stadium, the locals looting on the beach outside applauded as well, it hardly mattered that they had no idea what was going on.

For Australians, the Olympics became a national obsession. While all host cities get caught up in the Games, Sydney seemed to take that to a new level. Almost 90 per cent of Olympic tickets were sold, eclipsing the previous record of 82 per cent in Barcelona in 1992. So many people called in sick



Toronto's uphill Olympic battle

To all the other sports on display at the Sydney Games, add the new discipline of spin-doctoring selling. Representatives of the five cities in the running for the 2008 Summer Olympics were all over town last week, trying to convince the world in general and the International Olympic Committee in particular that they have the perfect spot for the Games. But Toronto, which is mounting a serious bid, quickly learned it will be an uphill battle. Everywhere its stars turned in Sydney, they were asked the same question: isn't Beijing the inevitable choice?

The problem for Toronto is the widespread perception that this is China's time. Beijing was passed over in 1993, when Sydney got the nod, largely because memories of the Tiananmen Square massacre were still fresh. Seven years later, China had beefed up its political image, while Beijing has built areas of the hotels, roads, phone lines and satellite-TV links needed for a modern Olympics. In addition, it would be hugely symbolic for the capital of the biggest developing nation to be honoured with such a prestigious event. Beijing, concedes John Rowe, who heads the Toronto bid, "has got the geopolitical argument to put forward."

Sell, Toronto is putting in a determined push. Like other contenders (Paris, Istanbul and Osaka, Japan), it took advantage of an IOC meeting in Sydney that pro-

Mayor Mel Lastman (left), Ontario Premier Mike Harris, Allan Chisholm: China's time?

or took extended breaks from work to watch the Games on TV, set all around town that one industry association estimated that 10 per cent of businesses in the state of New South Wales had to shut down.

For once, sports news was banished to the back pages of the newspapers. Two criminals escaped from a prison near Olympic Park and hijacked a van containing four Olympic officials and volunteers—and the escapee barely registered as a nation gave itself over to debating the finer points of water polo and transposing. "Amazing days, indeed," wrote John Huxley, a columnist in *The Sydney Morning Herald*. "Sorry, world, your call is important to us but right now Australia is in a meeting."

And then there was "Eric the Tul," who stirred imaginations much as the hapless de-



Francis Poon (left) in Singapore, mysterious exit

jaunter Eddie (The Eagle) Edwards did at the 1988 Calgary Winter Games. The Tul was the strange nickname for Eric Messumbari, a 22-year-old from Equatorial Guinea who learned to swim only in January and barely made it through his 100-m heat, splashing and flailing. Halfway through, he said later, he was afraid he might drown, nervous officials were soon going only to rescue him. But he finally made it in 1 minute, 52.72—more than double the time of the fastest swimmer in the event—and emerged from the pool to thunderous cheers. By the next day, he had a contract with the company that makes Speedo bathing suits, and was training Sydney as a newly minted celebrity. Every Olympic needs heroes—of all kinds. ■



Victorious de Blij: The Dutch powerhouses captured imaginations—and two gold medals

Stealing the Spotlight

Eric Lamaze walks into his Toronto lawyer's boardroom looking worn-out and finished. Amidst the onslaught of probing questions on his drug use and expulsion from the Canadian Olympic equestrian team, the 32-year-old rider speaks calmly—even as he rocks nervously in a chair. He never once admits he is at fault; he merely says "it's time to move on." He is trying. Two days later, he competes again, not on the world stage but in the relative obscurity of the Tournament of Champions in Cedar Valley, Ore., an event that raises funds for the Children's Wish Foundation of Canada. "I cannot think of a better way to begin my new life than to raise money for children with dreams," Lamaze said, adding: "Only one and me proving myself will heal things."



The rider competing in 1997, only later and now proving myself will heal things

Lamaze has a long way to go to change the negative public perception of him, a two-time loser who, having been kicked off the team for cocaine use before the Atlanta Olympics, did it all again just before Sydney. But Lamaze's case is more complicated than that, both in its disputed details and the ethical debate it set off. The final call fell to the Canadian Olympic Association, which excluded him from the Games even after an independent arbitrator had rescinded his lifetime ban from the sport.

The Eric Lamaze sideshow sets off an ethical debate over banned drugs

The key is Section 6.05 of the COA agreement that Lamaze, like all Olympians, had signed—promising not to use illegal drugs. "There clearly was a violation," said COA president Bill Warren in Sydney.

The decision came as a relief to many members and officials of the Canadian team, which still labours under the cloud of the Bea Johnson steroid scandal a dozen years ago. Lamaze, said women's swimming coach Dave Johnson, "obviously has some very big problems and he needs to stay home and get things sorted out." Andrew Pipe, chairman of the Canadian Centre for Ethics in Sport, added: "The system worked exactly as intended."

That's not the way Lamaze's lawyer, Tim Dawson, sees it. Dawson charges that the real blame lies with Pipe's centre for ethics, which administers the doping-control program. "Their refusal to accept any responsibility for their unforgivable

mistake is shameful," said Dawson. The case dates back to July 22, when Lamaze tested positive for ephedrine and pseudoephedrine, banned substances under the Canadian doping-control regulations. Since it was the rider's second violation—the first was for the cocaine use in 1996—the penalty was a lifetime ban from all sanctioned equestrian competitions.

The pseudoephedrine came from an Advil cold and sinus remedy; taking it—inadvertently—would only have resulted in a warning to Lamaze. The final straw was the ephedrine, which the rider suspected had come from a diet supplement he had been taking for five years. When the manufacturers of Ultra Diet Pep confirmed they had added ephedrine to the product without noting it on the label, the central board filed its ban on Aug. 26. The board,

however, also requested that Lamaze be tested again to ensure that he had not used any other banned substances. He had, on Aug. 29, Lamaze tested positive for cocaine, which he said had been passed to him at a party in the form of a cigarette. The board slapped him with another lifetime ban.

Dawson immediately filed an appeal. He claimed the lifetime ban for ephedrine and pseudoephedrine should never have occurred, and that only because of it did Lamaze take cocaine. And technically, argued Dawson, Lamaze used cocaine at a time when, because of the ban, he was not accountable to either the COA or the centre for ethics. Dawson also noted his client's troubled family history—his mother was a cocaine addict and dealer—and his history of depression. The arguments proved persuasive to Ed Ruzhansky, the University of Ottawa law professor who heard the appeal—and reversed the ban.

But that was not enough to convince the COA to put Lamaze back in the middle in Sydney. Nor did it lay the matter to rest. Dawson, who has been in contact with Toronto MP Dennis Mills, chairman of the House of Commons committee on sport, called for a full public inquiry into the centre for ethics' handling of the case. No matter what happens next in the Lamaze saga, though, it had already turned into yet another drugs-in-sport sideshow—and stolen some of the spotlight from the sports themselves.

Susan McClelland in Toronto with Andrew Phillips in Sydney

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CHRYSLER





Andrew Phillips

Sort of like home, eh mate?

There are a lot of disorienting things about Australia—driving on the left, having to choose between a “long black” and a “flat white” when ordering coffee, and dealing with all those impossibly cheery people. But there are some things that make a Canadian feel right at home. Like the headlines on the news pages buried behind the massive Olympic sections that dominate every paper. In the early days of the Sydney Games, they were evenly split: “Sick dollar slumps to record low,” proclaimed *The Australian*. “Dollar’s full-fledged inflation worries,” added *The Sydney Morning Herald*. “The future is now and we’re not in the net” (*The Australian* again). Yes, the dollar is slumping against the U.S. greenback, and the locals are fraying their hands that they’re forever condemned to being second-rate. Sound as all familiar?

There are a lot of similarities between Canada and Australia, and, of course, vice versa. Two countries with lots of geography and nice rainy people, with transient identities and a seemingly endless appetite for self-examination. The Sydney Games have set off an orgy of so-called *Aussiebait* gossip, in which the home-grown commentators rebuster the eternal question of whether the land Down Under has “taken its place as a mature nation,” in a phrase that echoes through many earnest analyses. The Games’ opening ceremony with its symbolic retelling of Australia’s story, now almost universally listed as a sign of newfound confidence. But the same newspapers that proclaimed Australia’s coming-of-age also printed lengthy reports of what the British and American press were saying about the ceremony. They liked it, they really like it, were the message—a truly Canadian touch.

Australians like at least those who think about such matters) do envy Canadians one thing: the fact that we adopted our own national symbols a generation or so ago. The Olympics are making Australians feel pleasantly nationalistic, but they’re not entirely happy with their flag and their song. The national anthem, *Advance Australia Fair*, never really caught on. A lot of people find it rather inept and hard to sing. And the flag, with its Union Jack in the corner, is even less inspiring for some Australians. Not only is it a conspicuous reminder of the colonial past, but it’s easy to confuse with the flag of New

OLYMPICS/SPECIAL



Zealand (which has not even named its Australian wheeler ones). In 1984, at Mike Stanger, national affairs editor of *The Australian*, reminded his readers the other day, the Canadian government flew New Zealand’s banner in honour of a visit to Ottawa by Australian then-prime minister, Bob Hawke.

Clearly, the gaffe still stings—especially since some Australians look to Canada’s adoption of the Maple Leaf in 1965 as an argument in favour of their own homegrown flag. An organization with the unlovely name of “Australflag” is campaigning for a new banner, but finds that one of the main obstacles is that no one can agree on what its main symbol should be (leading candidates are the Southern Cross, the constellation of stars that adorn the current flag, and, inevitably, a kangaroo).

More evidence that Canadians and Australians share a common set of preoccupations is to be found on the billboards around Sydney promoting Foster’s Lager, the local brew. They play off goodly Australian habits in a campaign that was, in creative adland, “inspired” by the Molotov “I



A Sydney bus advertisement for Foster's Lager, a Molotov cocktail-off.

am Canadian” ads. The Aussie version proclaims things like “I ride in the front seat of a taxi” (they do), “I play football without a helmet” (it’s called “ Aussie rules”), “I believe it’s a penis, not a shirttail” (so is, “just another penis on the barbe”/and, obviously, “I believe the world is round and Down Under is on top.” They haven’t got a guy in a bush-tanger’s hat screaming, “My name is Bruce and I am Australian!” but the thought is there.

The final parallel between Oz (as the locals call it) and Canada: our shared tendency to claim anyone of note who has spent any significant time in the country as one of ours. When Siriven Whitfield of Kingston, Ont., won the men’s marathon on the first weekend of the Games, the Aussies tried to argue that he was really, well, almost, one of them (his father is an Australian and he spent two years in high school in Sydney). “Dude!-de Canadian shows how to cross home,” was the headline over the *Morning Herald*’s report on his victory, which managed to work in the *South Park* notion that Canada isn’t really a country anyway. You can’t blame the Aussies for trying to adopt Whitfield, but it won’t mean Sorry, mate—his ours.

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A village in Kenyan's Kisumu district. Pirovic (right) with mineral sands pushing ahead

A Canadian firm's plan to develop a mine in Kenya is dogged by opponents

Sands of Conflict

By Stefan Lovgren and Tom Fennell

Juana Suleiman spends his days toiling in his small corfield under the scorching African sun. With three wives and 14 children to feed, the 60-year-old Kenyan lives in constant fear of droughts and storms. These days, Suleiman is also battling another opponent—the Tiorin mining firm. Tiorin Resources Inc. The company has discovered a vast titanium deposit 450 km east of Nairobi, and is pushing to relocate Suleiman and about 6,500 other local residents to make way for a massive strip mine. Some have accepted buy-outs, but handouts who are ineligible for Tiorin's compensation offer are refusing to go and are receiving growing international support. And as the mood outside his straw-roofed hut with one of his wives one recent morning, Suleiman

spoke for many of his neighbours, telling Morimoto: "I will not give up this land—they will have to kill me."

Half a world away, in his sprawling office overlooking the Toronto harbour, Tiorin's soft-spoken president, Jean-Charles Pirovic, is just as determined to proceed with his mine as Suleiman is to remain on his tiny farm. "No one," says Pirovic, lifting foam his desk a three-volume environmental assessment of the project, "will be worse off because this mine went ahead." But even before the company starts digging, Tiorin has been caught up in allegations of corruption and charges that its project will damage the environment. And the debate over the Tiorin mine could heat up this October when two Kenyan activists, sponsored by the Montreal-based International Centre for Human Rights, are expected to travel to Ottawa to meet with government officials. "The

Kenians must feel that they have been compensated fairly," said a centre spokesman. "We want to give them a chance to explain their position."

Tiorin discovered the titanium deposit by accident in 1995 when a company geologist, whose plane was diverted over an area just south of the coastal city Mombasa, noticed what he thought was promising geological structures. Subsequent exploration determined the Kisumu region holds more than 10 per cent of the world's reserves of titanium, a metal usually found in sand and used to provide pigmentation in paint, as well as in the manufacture of metal for everything from airplanes to golf clubs. In a feasibility study completed last April, Tiorin concluded it could mine up to 10 million tonnes of non-oxidized sand per year over the next 14 years from the site. A massive machine will be used to scoop out the sand and the titanium washed out with water. The remaining sand is then returned to the pit. When the mine is eventually closed, the spoil will also be replaced, allowing the land to be brought back into productive use.

So far, Tiorin, which also plans to mine a titanium deposit in northern Quebec and a massive copper deposit in Panama, has invested about \$15 million in the project, and estimates it will cost another \$200 million to open the mine. The firm expects to create 1,000 jobs during construction, and 200 full-time positions once the project is complete. Tiorin executives hope the promise of jobs will eventually persuade the holdouts to accept a buy-out. But many residents clearly do not want Tiorin. "All of this will be destroyed," says Frank Marwa, a local farmer, as he makes a sweeping gesture at the coconut groves and citrus fruit plantations prevalent in the area. "Once they start, there will be nothing left. They would never do this in Canada."

To convince the farmers to leave their dry plots of land, which range from four acres to 15 acres, Tiorin is offering a one-time allocation fee of about \$180 per acre, and then a \$40-per-acre annual rental fee (as well as 20-per-cent interest a year). Pirovic believes the compensation is high enough to allow farmers to buy land elsewhere. "They will have enough money," said Pirovic, "to go out and buy another piece of land, and they will still own their original land." Some farmers, however, do not believe Tiorin has been generous enough. "This is far below market rate," says Ephraim Ombui, an activist with Action Aid in Mombasa, a human rights organization.

So far about 95 farmers who have legal title to their land have accepted the offer. But another 626 who are either



squatters or have inherited farms without legal title, do not qualify for the company's offer (most of the farmers are supporting large extended families). Pirovic would like the Kenyan government to expropriate the squatters' land and give the holdouts full title to new farms in a nearby area. The government has yet to announce its intention, but critics do not trust the administration, claiming farmers that have been pushed off their property have rarely been given new land.

In fact, opposition to the project appears to be hardening. On Aug. 31, politicians from the region met with Kenya President Daniel Arap Moi in Mombasa, and complained bitterly that Tiorin's compensation offer was too low and the environmental risks of the mine too high. While Moi said there that Kenya needed the project, he decided on Sept. 12 against issuing the final go-ahead for the mine, leaving it to Tiorin and the farmers to negotiate.

Tiorin has produced an environmental impact study, which concludes that titanium can be mined safely and the land could be returned to its original state once the mine closes. But the Geneva-based World Conservation Union has challenged the soundness of the report because it was largely financed by Tiorin and not by an independent third party. (Canadian taxpayers also helped offset the cost of the study, the Canadian International Development Agency, which helps promote economic corporations abroad, contributed \$400,000 towards the \$1.2-million cost.) And concern that a full-scale strip mine would irrevocably alter the local landscape are compounded by other worries.

Among them is the issue of pollution. Titanium contains low-level background radiation, critics of the mine say it



could be released into the environment with disastrous results. Mining, titanium, however, does not create radioactive waste, and Tiorin asserts that radiation levels at the site are very low and pose no risk to local residents. "The radioactivity is equal to X-rays in a hospital, not Chernobyl," says Francine Goulet, an executive with Tiorin in

Kerry. And Porvin adds that there are no toxic chemicals, such as arsenic, used in the mining process.

To bring the titanium to world markets, Tiorin intends to build a loading facility in the small port of Shishmou, about 65 km from the mining site. But that plan has also drawn the ire of local ocean-side resorts into the dispute.

Shishmou is located about 35 km from a marine park, and hikers and activists warn that building a airport capable of handling large cargo ships will damage precious coral reefs in the area that are a major tourist attraction. But in his Toronto office, Porvin produces a large aerial photograph that, according to the mining executive, shows there are no reefs where the company plans to build the facility. "We will not dredge," said Porvin, "and there is no coral."

The controversy over the mine has also focused on how Tiorin deals with local officials. Activists say companies are rampant in the country, and accuse Tiorin of offering bribes. Tiorin executives do admit to giving motorcycles to local chiefs, a gesture that many people interpreted as a bribe. Goulet now calls that gift "a mistake." Porvin adds that the motorcycles were not bribes, but were intended to help the chiefs

In October, Kenyan activists may travel to Ottawa to speak out against the mine

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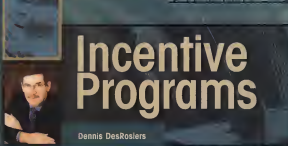


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Dennis DesRosiers

Incentive Programs

For most of the past few years the automotive sector has been swash with aggressive incentive programs for purchasing or leasing a new vehicle. At the end of summer and through the fall these incentive programs have become even more intensive as the vehicle companies clear out old models to make room for their new product lines. However, incentives are no longer restricted to the fall or winter model changeover period. They are now available year-round or at least a limited number of products.

One could argue that the industry has always used incentive programs to move vehicles at the end of the model year in August and September. But since 1973, when the oil embargo hit North America, incentives have been a fixture in the industry. Sales had collapsed because of the energy crisis and inventories were at record levels despite the closing of many plants. So the industry began to offer generous incentives to move product and for the first time these incentives were not exclusive to model changeovers. And although they have varied in the amounts offered, incentives of some sort have been used on a constant basis ever since. Consumers have become smart in how they deal with this aspect of the auto mar-

ket. They know that if they stay out of the market long enough, eventually one of the vehicle companies will come forward with a generous offer to entice them back to the showroom.

There are two general categories of incentives in the market and within each category there are many types of incentives available. The two broad categories are consumer and dealer. Consumer incentives are offered directly to the customer and consequently are very visible. Dealer incentives are offered directly to the dealer and are generally invisible to the consumer. They are also currently less common in the industry. A quota to sell a certain number of a particular make of vehicle in a set period of time is a common dealer incentive. Dealers who reach this quota receive a preset amount of money, but if they do not reach their quota they receive nothing. Needless to say, dealers can become very aggressive on price to the benefit of consumers if they are close to their quota number near the end of the qualifying period. When this is the case it is a good time to buy a vehicle because the dealer is more willing to bargain. It is also why many consumer advocates recommend buying a vehicle at the end of the month when dealer incentive programs are about to expire.

With Catherine Roberts in Toronto

The types of incentives offered in each category can vary widely especially on the consumer side. Common consumer incentives include:

- **Lower-than-market interest rates on loans**
- **Cash-backs**
- **Free options such as air conditioning**
- **High residual value closed leases**
- **Combinations of the above**

There is not much downside to the consumer with these programs. Indeed some of the current financing available is very generous. Take for instance the current 0.9 per cent financing offered by most manufacturers. On a \$40,000 vehicle over 48 months, interest saved would amount to about \$7,500 compared to a prime plus two per cent loan, which is a more conventional financing rate for a car loan. That is a lot of money and clearly shows how generous the vehicle companies are with their incentive programs. And remember vehicle prices in Canada are already on average \$3,500 lower than in the United States when adjusted for exchange rates.

The one possible negative is that some consumers can

get so caught up in these deals that they might purchase a vehicle that is not right for them. Or they might purchase a less than quality product. Even the best deal is no good if you end up with a vehicle that you come to hate because it is always in the repair shop or it lacks the performance you expect and need. Fortunately, only a limited number of consumers fall into this trap.

There are a few things to keep in mind. First, the deal offered is generally the best deal you will get. These incentives are usually so generous there is no reason for the dealer to bargain further. Rarely can you negotiate a better deal, but this is not always the case. The factory pays for the incentive, not the car dealer, so sometimes there is room to negotiate a better price with the dealer. This is especially true for added options or up-front charges for PDI or freight.

Second, shop around for the best incentive. A cash-back offer may appear to be better than low-interest financing, but this is not necessarily true. Calculate exactly how much you save under each type of incentive before jumping into the deal. This is not easy to do but is well worth the effort. Carcalculator.com sells inexpensive software that makes the job of comparing

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depreciation on the vehicle. So if you plan to sell it in a year or two, it will not be worth as much in the used vehicle market as you might expect. This problem disappears with time, but can be a major cost for consumers who trade their vehicle often.

Seventh, on some leases the low monthly payment comes with a low allowance for mileage. If you exceed the pre-set mileage limit, there are generally expensive additional charges at the end of the lease. Most consumers drive 20,000 to 30,000 km per year, so it is wise to make sure your lease mileage allowance covers your driving needs.

Eighth, hidden dealer incentives are popular in December when the vehicle companies compete with one another for sales records. Ask your dealer whether there is any factory-dealer incentive money

on your prospective vehicle. Be careful since this is the time when dealers try to sell slow-moving product in order to get higher allotments of faster moving product. Again, it is very easy to end up in a vehicle that does not suit your needs.

All in all, incentives are good deals for consumers as long as common sense is used in the purchase process. Take your time, shop around, and stay within your financial means. Above all else, shop at a reputable car dealer that treats you with respect.

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Price of Vehicle	36 Months			48 Months		
	0.9%	9.5%	Savings	0.9%	9.5%	Savings
\$20,000	\$279	\$3,064	\$2,785	\$370	\$4,118	\$3,748
\$30,000	\$414	\$4,596	\$4,177	\$554	\$6,177	\$5,623
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Waterdown: Estate homes in Mississauga's historic Lorne Park. From \$999,000 up

Ferguson's aide arrested

British police charged Sarah Ferguson's former aide, Jane Andrews, with murder after her millionaire boyfriend, Tim Connors, was found stabbed to death in their elegant London home. Andrews, 33, who worked for the Duchess of York from 1988 to 1997, was found sitting in her car in Croydon, 330 km from London.

Support for Fujimori

The Peruvian army eased fears of a looming coup when it publicly backed President Alberto Fujimori, who is in a power struggle with his dismissed intelligence chief, Vladimiro Montesinos. After a videotape showed the security chief harboring an opposition congressman, Fujimori declared that he was dissolving the feared National Intelligence Service run by Montesinos—and said he would step down as president in July after which new elections will be held.

Death in the air

Federal prosecutors in Salt Lake City decided not to press charges in the death of Jonathan Barton, who was attacked by fellow passengers after he broke into the cockpit of a Southwest Airlines flight from Las Vegas to Salt Lake City. The 19-year-old, who was strapped, beaten and locked by at least eight passengers before being subdued during the Aug. 11 incident, died after being carried from the plane.

Denist guilty of manslaughter

A Baltimore jury found Solomon dentist Alpha Patel guilty of manslaughter in the March, 1999, stabbing death of her orthopedic surgeon husband, Vinesh Patel. Patel, 28, was released on \$1.5-million bail and will be sentenced on Oct. 24, after a maximum 10 years in jail. Judge John Pemas said he set the high bail because he feared "an underground railroad" of supporters would spirit her back to Canada. Patel insists that her husband, who was finishing his residency at a Baltimore hospital, died accidentally during a late-night struggle after he attacked her with a knife. Patel faced first-degree murder charges in an earlier trial, but it ended in a mistrial when the jury could not reach a verdict.

World Notes



A missile attack in central London

Police forensic officers sweep for clues after the London headquarters of MI-6, Britain's intelligence agency, was hit by a missile from a Soviet-made rocket launcher. Londoners wonder whether the attack, which caused little damage and no injuries, was a precursor to a new wave of terrorism. Authorities suspect the bombing is the work of an Irish Republican Army splinter group.

A life-and-death decision in Britain

In a Solomon-like ruling, three British judges said that in order to save the life of one joined twin, the other must die. The tiny twins, known only as Jodie and Mary and joined at the lower abdomen, were born on Aug. 8 at St. Mary's hospital in Manchester. Mary has no effective heart or lungs and is being kept alive by her sister's heart and lungs. Jodie stands a 95 per cent chance of living a normal life if surgeons separate her from her sister, but if nothing is done, both will likely die. Even so, the twins' devoutly Roman

Catholic parents refused to allow the operation, propounding the legal battle. "This God will take both our children should not survive," they said in September, "then so be it."

The court, however, decided to act to save Jodie from almost certain death. "Mary is alive because she risks the lifeblood of Jodie," Justice Alan Ward said in a written judgment. "And her parasitic living will soon be the cause of Jodie ceasing to live." But the case may not be over. The court allowed the parents, who are from Maharashtra, to appeal to the House of Lords, Britain's highest court. Lawyers for the family said it is uncertain whether they would do so.

The Clintons finally escape Whitewater

Citing a lack of evidence, independent White House counsel Robert Ray decided not to proceed with criminal charges against President Bill Clinton and First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton over the so-called Whitewater affair. The investigation was launched in 1994 to look into a failed Arkansas real estate venture on the basis of the White River, involving the Clintons in the 1980s when he was the state's governor and she was a prominent lawyer. The ill-fated deal was linked to the collapse of a small bank run by the Clintons' business partners.



Rogers opening a new store in Toronto "No last! They want Next!"

The Phone Guy

By Katherine Macklean

Ted Rogers, the 67-year-old communications tycoon, is clearly feeling under the weather—a bottle of Beddy's cough syrup on his desk is a dead giveaway, as is his raspy voice. On top of the pesky bug, he's suffered two serious setbacks in recent weeks in the frantic race among Canadian communications companies to become the country's convergence titan. One was BCE Inc.'s giant step forward in mid-September when it took control of *The Globe and Mail* and its Internet assets, creating a new \$4-billion media company pooled with the CTV network and its specialty channels. The other, a head-bonking fight Rogers, occurred in the same week, when he lost a long and criminal battle with Quebecor Inc., the Montreal-based printer and publisher, over Groupe Vidéotron Ltd., the dominant Quebec cable company.

Regardless, Rogers' mood is lousy. Not only is he prepared to delay his retirement plans, but the cable guy—Rogers heads up Rogers Communications Inc., which owns Canada's largest cable company—is ready and eager to go head-to-head

Fighting back in the convergence wars, Ted Rogers starts his own telephone company

with his archrival, Jean-Marie de Bellefeuille. This week, Rogers will announce the creation of Rogers Telecom, a new arm set to move into the residential local and long-distance telephone market using BCE's existing network.

Competition in the communications has now means convergence—and that means there is a scramble on among the major companies to amass properties. The driving force is the Internet and its

ever-increasing capacity to transmit streams of data—be they sound, pictures, written text or voice. Suddenly, it makes sense for the telephone company to own a television network—at least that's what BCE Inc. argued last week before the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission in defense of its acquisition of CTV. And for the cable guy, it's time to add headline telephones to Rogers's array of broadband telecommunications offerings. "The telephone business is absolutely essential for us to be involved in," he said in a wide-ranging interview last week with *Maclean's*.

Rogers is well aware that a battle over telephone service with BCE's Bell Canada could be the fight of his career. "They

dominate local telephony, 99.9 per cent," he said. "They dominate long distance. These are areas where there used to be competition of Bell and long distance." But he knows that in this cut-or-beaten environment, he has to keep up. Bell, with a piece in just about every home in southern Ontario, is firmly entrenched in the market where Rogers is strongest in cable—and where he will launch his phone service. It doesn't matter. "If we are going to compete in the home with Bell, we have to offer everything Bell offers," he says.

Rogers has moved his focus about getting into the phone business. This time, though, he's serious. The goal is to have service available in some areas in about a year. His estimate will cost between \$600 and \$800 per customer to deliver. He has hired Peter Cioffi away from his job as president and managing director at Compagnie Canada Inc. to run the new unit. Cioffi, who took up his new duties last week, and Rogers Telecom will take advantage of the company's existing cable network and wireless phone capacity. Customers would not have to change their phones, or phone jacks, he said. Convergence can be seen from the phone, through the jack, along a wire to the home's cable modem and then along cable lines. Or, they'll be transmitted by a fixed wireless path that will sit on the outside of people's homes and be connected by a wire to the jack.

The plan is to be able to offer Rogers' clients a bundled package—in short, the more services taken, the better the price. "Look at the company," said Cioffi. "We've got the content, we've got the cable TV, we've got Internet, we've got wireless, and what we need now to make the package complete, either as a bundle or à la carte, is the telephone piece." And Cioffi is not worried about taking on Bell Canada. "We can add significant value over and above what Bell does. I don't think Bell is the end all, be all for the market."

The telephone business is only one of a series of different arenas Rogers is pursuing. This company may gather a television network, if the CRTC gives the nod to BCE's bid to

buy CTV, Rogers told *Maclean's*. "If Bell gets this approved, you could bet your back Rogers is going to be out hustling to get one or start one." He also responded to rumours suggesting that Rogers Media Inc., which includes *Maclean's* in its stable of magazines, is being shopped around. Rogers said the media division could be spun out in an initial public offering, with parent company Rogers Communications maintaining an 80-per-cent hold on the group.

In the name of convergence, Rogers and his deputies have been out scouting. Last week, John Topy, president of Rogers Cable Inc., had a two-hour meeting with Pierre-Karl Peladeau, head of Quebecor and victor in the Vidéotron contest. Both players stayed mum as speculation rose about a merger or alliance of the two Central Canada powerhouses. Rogers simply said possible co-operation could range from sharing technology to common billing— "whatever makes sense."

Rogers also has been talking with the father and son team of Iain and Leonard Asper, who control broadcaster CaaWest Global Communications Corp. While in Winnipeg recently to deliver a speech, Rogers stopped in to pay his respects, he said. Rogers declined to elaborate on what was discussed, but industry speculation covers the ground. CanWest, the owner of 10 Global Television Network stations across Canada and 13 major daily newspapers, plus a 50-per-cent ownership in the *National Post*, could very substantially fit into Rogers' \$600-million media business, a division, he said, reported last week, that he would like to bring closer to parity with the cable and wireless side of his business, both of which take in more than \$1 billion. Rogers is also keeping in touch with Calgary's Jim Shaw, president and CEO of western-based cable firm Shaw Communications Inc. The two had dinner last week at Rogers' Toronto home. Again, no details were forthcoming. "I always marvel in the end of dinner how much I've learned," Rogers said.

Many observers point to Toronto Inc., owner of *The Toronto Star*, four other southern Ontario dailies and insurance publisher Harcourt Edgegate, as another strong contender for a Rogers alliance. Toronto, which is focused on the same southern Ontario region as Rogers, is one of the few remaining media companies that is not part of a platform that can be cross-promoted, says Bay Street analyst said.

Wherever else, Rogers clearly has no intention of dropping out of the race. As a speech to the Canadian Club in Toronto last week, he noted that some articles about his failure to buy Vidéotron forecast that he would give up and sell out in two or three years. "Never!" he boomed into the microphone. "We lost! They won! Next!" When speaking with *Maclean's*, he was asked about his succession plans. "I'm not leaving," he said. And then he hedged about an earlier promise to leave when he turns 70, which occurs in 2003. "Well, you sort of that makes sense," he said, adding, "but I think it makes sense for the company." The message, it seems, is the same as for all the potential new deals out there: keep the door open. ■

MAKING CONNECTIONS



Welcome to 'Rogers Land'

The cable titan talks about convergence, the Jays—and rival Bell

Last week, Rogers Communications Inc. president and CEO Ted Rogers met in his glass-walled Toronto office with Editor-in-Chief Robert Lewis, Associate Managing Editor Brian Woodward and National Business Correspondent Katherine Mackinnon for a wide-ranging interview about his company (which owns Maclean's) and where it fits in the rapidly changing media landscape. Excerpt:

Maclean's: Can you explain what this buzzword 'convergence' means?

Rogers: Convergence is not a conglomerate buying a whole lot of separate businesses. It's extraordinarily difficult to bring together different businesses. We do this. Our background is that we've started a lot of different businesses.

People are expecting service anywhere, anytime. The computer and the TV set are coming together. You're putting together different media through one instrument. That's technological convergence. You've seen how the phone company can take a small wire and they can cram more and more things into it and provide new services. And the cable company's done exactly the same thing.

And then there's the convergence we might call marketing convergence, where you're packaging together people's needs in a way to make it easier for them, where they get one bill, up and call in on one number and get an answer for the entire package. In Rogers's case it will be all the services—telephony, long-distance, high-speed Internet, low-speed Internet, cable, paging, etc.—and we will offer all those services to people at home.

Maclean's: How do you put together a hair-



Rogers: 'It's extraordinarily difficult to bring together different businesses.'

ball team, a cable company, a wireless firm—the possibilities are endless.

Rogers: Your question is now from a business standpoint: how does a baseball team fit into all this? There we're talking co-promotion and mutual advertising support where all of the Rogers businesses will be supporting the baseball team, selling tickets, promoting it. Likewise, the ball team can be promoting our products—with signage, displays of games, every kind of

promotion you can think of. Let's put it this way: they'll know they've been visiting Rogers Land, if I can call it that, when they go in there.

Maclean's: Will you put more money into the Blue Jays?

Rogers: We have to put up enough money so that we have an opportunity to at least be in the playoffs. I don't think the fans want to go if they have absolutely no chance. We've got to get the fans in the seats and watching the TV



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and really supporting the team. There's a great opportunity, and a risk, that if we don't do a good job with the Blue Jays, the Rogers brand would be harmed in southern Ontario.

Maclean: You seem to be talking about co-branding, co-promotion. So that's marketing. But what does that mean in the context of ownership?

Rogers: You're absolutely right, it's a different issue entirely. You take Ray Auer, when he buys the newspaper and its own TV station, that's not co-ownership. It's promotion—the TV station will promote the newspaper and the newspaper will promote the TV station. That's synergy.

Maclean: Was BCE's purchase of CTV a smart move?

Rogers: Well, I have great respect for Jim McKay, and he has a unique and marvelous record of smart moves in everything he's done, so I suspect this is a smart move. If I was a phone company, would I buy a TV network? I

'If I was a phone company, would I buy a TV network?'

don't think it's been done anywhere else in the world. So it's really awkward for me to conclude that sort of decision, that's up to him.

Maclean: Are you finding hard to, as some people suggest,

Rogers: Well, I hope not. I certainly didn't feel boxed in when I spoke to the CRTC, saying that in just inside nine months or so I think that Bell could own six or eight or 10 specialty channels when Rogers couldn't own one. I argued in earnestly as I could that if Bell is allowed to buy CTV, that any restrictions on Rogers compared to Bell should be removed. And it's hardly equal, because they are the largest corporation in the country by far and they dominate everything they're in. They dominate local telephone, 59.9 per cent. They dominate long distance. There are corners where there used to be competitors of Bell and long distance. So it's not easy.

Maclean: Do you share the skepticism



The Blue Jays: a pledge to put in enough money to challenge for the playoffs

about being expressed about a lot of the major deals active over, going back to AOL-Time Warner?

Rogers: No, I think some are going to make enormous sense, and I think actually done, a collection of media and communications assets such as Rogers, and then are others, makes enormous sense and they provide the public with an opportunity for better service, for innovation and for lower

prices. In others, they'll make little sense and time will show that. AOL-Time Warner does make sense, because the Internet is the future and they do have synergies, as we do, and they're got cable television and television specialty channels. It's a great company.

Maclean: But you don't have a television network?

Rogers: No, but if Bell gets this approved you can bet your back Rogers is going to be out there to get one or start one. We prefer to start things. Don't forget, I was there in the founding of CFTO, CTV Channel 9 Toronto. Good luck, Mr. McKay, we'll start a new one!

Maclean: Can you tell us what acquisitions and partnerships you hope to pursue?

Rogers: Not really, because I emphasize we start businesses and we're going to start a telephone business. Peter Cullen, the president, just started. It's going to put together an opportunity for our customers to be able to receive local and long-distance telephone service from Rogers on our own cable system. It will be a fantastic service. It's going to be bet-

ter than what Bell has in the sense that you can have upwards of four lines, you can have a data line, and we will tie long distance in on it.

Maclean: Why go into the telephone business?

Rogers: If we are going to compete in the home with Bell, we have to offer everything Bell offers.

Maclean: Newspapers?

Rogers: You see, newspapers are not part of the communications products delivered to the home, although I guess you could argue they are. Let's put it this way: I'm a bit of an environmentalist, and one of the reasons that I sold the papers was that I felt that in the long run, tearing down all those trees and making newspapers wasn't going to last. We may dispute that in Maclean's. I also thought that all those boxes cluttered together on the street corners, five of them now in Toronto, were ugly and they were raising, some day, somebody is going to do something about them.

Maclean: His recently met Quebecer Pierre-Karl Peladeau and held open the possibility of working together. What kind of partnership are you not?

Rogers: Oh, from the simplest case of just sharing technology, research and ideas, to creating something, common billing, whatever makes sense.

Maclean: Was there some level of understanding that made the Videotron deal what it is?

Rogers: No, there wasn't, and it just seemed to be the right thing to do and not subject the Clugston family which I have great respect for, to any more his-

Carol Stephenson
President and CEO,
Lucent Technologies Canada

Bettina Yee, CA
Manager, Banking and Treasury,
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gotten and so on. They have worked for 40 years building that company and I didn't think they deserved having to end it by being dragged through the courts. Madeline: You also meet with the Apses from time to time. What kind of partnership could you do with ConWor?

Rogers Co., in the simplest case just co-promotion where our radio stations promote their products and their products promote our products, that's the simplest backdoor sort of deal, to almost anything, merge all the companies. But when you have two family companies, it's pretty hard to understand what's going to give up control, so that's probably not practical.

Murkin: In the case of Rogers Media, do you foresee any changes? Partnerships or an IPO or anything of that nature?

Rogers: Well, we certainly are looking at all of those options. At one point in the negotiations with Volkswagen, we

thought it might make sense to have their media and our media go together in a separate company. And we're looking at that and it could well make sense. You could have it as a separate IPO company—It might be 80 per cent owned by RCI and 20 per cent by the

'Rogers is not going to finance an NFL team, but we will be the catalyst'

public. It would be another source of capital for us. And it probably would unlock values that are now cooped up in the overall BCI. Would we spin it off completely and have a separate company? I'd hope not. Because I think the relationship with the cable and the wire-

loss and the media are worth far more than the sum of the parts.

MacKenzie: Koeber also talked about bringing the National Football League to Timor.

Rogers. First, it was a fabulous opportunity for us to get Paul Godfrey to head up Rogers Sports. He's Mr. Canada and he's the man to do this. He feels confident that Toronto can handle an NFL team financially. It's a huge undertaking, it's maybe a billion-dollar undertaking. Certainly Rogers is not going to finance it, but we will be the catalyst that causes it to happen.

It would be done so that the Canadian Football League was apart and was protected—the farm teams for the NFL team or something like that—so that we still, we suggest, we don't destroy and replace it with something.

Maclean: *What kind of time frame do you see?*
Rogers: I'm sort of like Rogers moving to investment grade, ask it? So I say five years, and it may be three or it may be 10.
Maclean: *There are complaints somewhere about the installation of cable*



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Will the CRTC survive?

By Patricia Chisholm

Calgary psychologist Mark Genish has always been instinctive when it comes to connecting. The day after he received his doctorate in 1994, he founded the National Foundation for Family Research and Education, a charitable organization that espouses mostly editorial views of the family. Within a few years, Genish was hosting a weekly radio show on the WRC network, where issues like day care and divorce were hot

columnist Chrissie Blachford, conservative writer Claire Hoy and investor adviser Garth Turner—and the technical ability to handle chat messages, e-mail and fax while the live talk show on. And by spring for the Internet—which the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission has decided not to regulate—Genish has nearly avoided dealing with the commission's complex, sometimes byzantine rules.

"Now that we have this new medium that reaches audiences on all levels—local, regional, national, international—I don't think we need the CRTC at all," he says. "We have to question how it provides value above and beyond what the discerning consumer can do. If people don't like something, they can choose another channel."

Reasonable, one might say, irrelevant. The CRTC has been called all these things, and worse, by everyone from academics to politicians to telecommunications and broadcasting cynics. Over the past 50 years, the entrenched body that polices Canada's airwaves has been faulted for a litany of cultural and com-

mercial crimes: forcing poor-quality Canadian content programming on consumers, imposing meaningless ownership restrictions on communications companies and stifling competition, among others. Such questions have intensified over the past few months, as the so-called convergence phenomenon gathers force. A series of media mergers of unprecedented proportions and complexity has taken place: broadcaster CanWest Global Communications Corp.'s purchase of the major Canadian papers of Hollinger International Ltd., telecom giant BCE Inc.'s acquisition of CTV Inc. and *The Globe and Mail* printer Quebecor Inc.'s takeover of cable company Groupe Vidéotron. Last week, as the CRTC began hearings on the CTV takeover, BCE boss Jean Morin and CTV president Ivan Focan argued that the network would fall apart without BCE to back it.

Yet the newspaper aspect of the new mergers are already beyond the CRTC's reach, and many believe that as media coverage erodes the Internet, the commission's mandate could virtually disappear. In a world where rap music travels

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To Colville, 'it's going to be some time before we see the Internet take hold as a substitute for TV, if ever'

over phone lines, TV dramas are resold in dozens of countries and the Internet is only a cellphone away, critics question whether there is any room for the commission's dated system of industry barriers and content quotas. "It's time has come and gone," says Richard Schultz, a political scientist at McGill University in Montreal. "Its hearings have become a farcical beauty contest where the regulator imposes a tie for content requirements and then doesn't enforce them."

The crux of the problem, says Paul Anshul, head of the mass communications program at Ottawa's Carleton University, is that the commission is compelled to maintain a national point of view with roots in the 1950s. As it struggles to implement such policies, it is being overwhelmed by a mix of technological and social change: high-speed, interactive technologies are carrying content that is global in its reach, not local or even national. "Television production is pretty integrated worldwide," he says. "Audiences are more tolerant of different material." Those critics, coupled with the much-heralded 500-channel initiative, mean the old argument that networks are scarce and must be judiciously allocated and scrutinized is no longer valid, he says. "We have the opposite problem now: We can't fill up what we've got."

In some areas, observers say, the commission is clearly making an effort to modernize its practices. Under chairwoman Francine Bernard, appointed by Prime Minister Jean Chrétien in 1996, the commission has tried to promote competition without creating a free-for-all. The mid-1990s dismantling of Canada's regional telephone monopolies is a key example. And almost everyone applauded the commission's 1999 decision not to regulate content on the Internet, at least for now; the reason, the commissioners said, was that Canada already excels in Net development and is likely to do so in the future, without the need for regulatory protection. "That was a really good move," says Robert Cross, a vice-president at the Information Technology Association of Canada, which represents about 1,300 companies with Internet interests. "It sent a message of confidence to

the business and artistic communities, that Canada is going to let the market and the forces of creation do their thing."

In the CRTC's defence, commissioner David Colville, a 10-year veteran and vice-chairman of telecommunications at the commission, notes that it is governed by the Broadcasting Act and the Telecommunications Act, and that as long as they are in place, it has a role to play. Even so, he says, commissioners are acutely aware of the technical and social revolutions sweeping through the industries it regulates. "Over the last 10 years, at least on the telecommunications side, we have been striving to open markets to competition," he says. "That's evidence that we are not regulating just for the sake of regulation." And he argues that in some like cable, the vast choice promised by digital technology has yet to become commonplace, making regulation a necessary to ensure adequate choice for consumers and a viable market for providers.

And when it comes to the vexed question of Canadian content, Colville challenges the contention that the commission is no longer needed. Producers of Canadian programming are simply not in a position to duke it out in the marketplace by themselves, without the subsidies the commission's licensing requirements provide, he argues. "I think it's going to be some time before we see the Internet take hold as a substitute for television, if even," he says. "In the meantime, there is going to be concern about getting good quality Canadian content. It all comes down to access by Canadian content creators to the distribution system."

The best solution, others say, is a revamped role for the federal regulator that focuses on results instead of rules. Catherine Murray, a former politician and member of a committee that reviewed the mandate of the CBC in 1996, now teaches communications at Simon Fraser University in Burnaby, B.C. "The CRTC may be

flawed, she says, but to argue there is no room for regulation is patent insanity." The commission has done a good job of building strong companies, she says, but needs to focus on social policies, such as standards of taste and access to hearings by consumer groups. And instead of quotas for Canadian content and subsidies, the commission should demand results. "Broadcasters should have to prove that they are building audiences here and abroad," she says. Everyone, it seems, wants a culturally rich, Canada-oriented broadcasting system; the question of how to get it, however, remains as contentious as ever. ■




CRTC chairwoman Francine Bernard and David Colville, vice-chairman, testify at a public hearing.

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Canadian Jeff Mallett is the driving force in the success of Yahoo!, the Web's most popular portal

Unsung Hero

By Andrew Phillips

Before he rose to the top of Yahoo! Inc., the on-line outfit that boasts it wants to become the "pre-eminent media company of the 21st century," Jeffrey Mallett played soccer. He played it well—well enough to spend two years in Canada's national program as a teenager—and he played it hard. Though he stands just five-foot-four, Mallett was a striker—in his own words, "the sticky little guy up front." Many of the defenses he went up against were six inches taller and 50 lb. heavier. But, recalls John Hughes, his childhood friend and fellow player back in Victoria, "Jeff never backed down against the big guys."

Good thing. Yahoo went public 4½ years ago as a gateway to the Internet (part as one of the World Wide Web was exploding. Now it's very much in the league leagues, a 2,700-employee outfit dealing in an era of well-established media giants like Walt Disney Co. and Rupert Murdoch's News Corp. Just as important, in the aftermath of the stock market crash wick of last April, Yahoo still stands tall. As shaky do-comes tremored all around it, Wall Street (at least most of it) kept faith in the company as a key survivor of the big Internet shakeout. When it beat market expectations for second-quarter earnings in July, analysts cheered. Mary McKel of Morgan Stanley Dean Witter, one of the most influential technology trackers, issued a report on the company's progress. "Yahoo, the Microsoft of the New Millennium."

True, not everyone is convinced market joins about online

advertising have hit Yahoo's stock hard and sent the company scurrying for other sources of revenue. But Yahoo is already established as a giant of the New Economy, and no one has been more responsible for its survival against the odds than Mallett. The company's management team has long been legendary in Silicon Valley, where Yahoo operates out of a five-story, warlike headquarters building in Santa Clara, Calif. The story of how a pair of young graduate students, Jerry Yang and David Filo, spent 1994 in a cramped office trailer at Stanford University coming up with the idea for a directory to make



Mallett as the company's Santa Clara headquarters' number player about online advertising here hit the stock hard

sense of the expanding class of the Web, is the iconic Internet story. Two guys, an inspired idea, perfect timing, a lot of pizza and late nights—and ultimately billions and billions of dollars.

Less known is how their business was turned into a \$91-billion company that provides the most heavily used entry point to the Web and manages to do what almost no other pure Internet operation has achieved: make a profit (\$91 million last year). That trick has been turned by a pair of squarers who have also achieved wealth—but far less fame. One is Yahoo's chairman and CEO, Timothy Koogle, an engineer and onetime rock guitar player known around the company as "T.K." The other is Mallett, its president and chief operating officer, the diminutive, intense British Columbian whose in-house nickname is "Sparky." Michael Moritz, the Silicon Valley venture capitalist responsible for financing Yang and Filo's start-up and recruiting Mallett as its 10th employee in 1995, says "Jeff is the unsung hero of Yahoo."

Unsung, but not unrespected. At a relatively tender age (he turned 36 on Aug. 7), Mallett is worth roughly \$750 million, propelled by Yahoo stock that soared 500 per cent in 1997, almost 600 per cent in 1998, then nearly tripled again last year. *Canadian Business* ranks him as the 34th-richest Canadian (and the fourth youngest on its list). In its annual survey of the highest-paid executives in Silicon Valley, the *Sacramento Mercury News* placed him second, just behind Cisco

Systems Inc. CEO John Chambers, who earned \$180 million in 1999. Mallett's salary for the year is cool \$154 million, almost all from exercising stock options in Yahoo. Among the rewards, a 10-hectare spread, complete with nine-hole golf course, that he and his wife, Claire, bought last year for \$13.5 million near her family's home in the Napa Valley.

Not bad for a guy who wears blue jeans and a casual short to work, operates out of a cubicle in Yahoo's whisper-quiet open-plan office, and usually squarers when asked directly about money. Partly it's basic modesty; partly it's the company culture. "No one ever talks about it," he says. "No one ever flaunts it. If you did, we have a neighborhood watch—you'd get thrown out of the neighborhood." Anyway, "there's someone in the next cube who's 10 times better off than I am." And in fact, so true: In the next-door cubicle (a basic eight-by-12-foot work space) sits Jerry Yang, the company's co-founder and self-titled "Chief Yahoo." His net worth, depending on where the stock is trading that day, hovers around \$8 billion.

Together, Yang, Koogle and Mallett form the triumvirate that have shaped Yahoo's rise. (Kilo, the other, more reclusive co-founder, focuses on the technical side.) Yang, still just 31, has just one person reporting directly to him (his executive assistant), but acts as a long-term thinker and the company's main face to the outside world. Koogle, at 49 the elder, brings the widest business experience, and, says Mallett, "has lots of patience and thinks things through—the consummate chairman."

Mallett, by his own account, is the hyperactive get-it-done guy—hence his nickname: "He doesn't matter if I get off the plane after a 20-hour flight from Asia. I'm always jessed and ready to go. Jerry's the thinker and T.K.'s the calm, cool one, and I'm—everyone says—the sparky one who's trying to make it happen. I'm the reality guy. I guess." Moritz, a partner in the venture capital firm Sequoia Capital, has described Koogle and Mallett as "the glow and the hammer" of Yahoo. Mallett does not disagree. "Some people think I'm soft and cuddly and look like I'm 17 years old. But you bet, if something has to get done, it will get done."

He discovered a passion for business around the dinner table growing up in Victoria. His parents, Brian and Marilyn, left careers at B.C. Telephone Co. to form a company called IPT Corp. (for Island Pacific Telephone), which they sold to Cable & Wireless PLC of London in 1987. "I'd get to look at profits and loss statements," says Mallett. "You either like it or you don't. I found it absolutely fascinating." After a year studying business (and playing soccer) at the University of Victoria, he spent a year "burning around" the Pacific, including a stint as



*Founders Filo (left)
and Yang, serving
Spotify yet things done*

a bushy at a hotel in Sydney, Australia. Then a soccer scholarship took him to Santa Rosa Junior College near San Francisco, and eventually to San Francisco State University. He dropped out after two classes in the MBA program ("I was bored"), but helped a professor found a company called Reference Software, which developed the grammar checker Gram-matrix. After that came a stint running the consumer division of Novell Corp. Once again, he says, "I was kind of bored."

Mozitz had met him briefly at Reference Software, and concluded that "Jeff was the only businessman there." In mid-1995, he was helping Yang and Filo recruit managers for the fledgling Yahoo. Mallett agreed to meet them. What he found was "basically a big idea. There was no revenue, no business plan and less than six weeks of cash. To some people that would be a point not for disaster. To me it's like a dream."

What Yahoo had going for it was huge pre-ipo demand and terrific name recognition. Millions were logging onto the Internet for the first time and looking for a way to navigate the Web. Before the company was even founded in March, 1995, Yahoo was getting more than 100,000 hits a day. The catchy name helped. Yang and Filo first called it "Jerry and David's Guide to the World Wide Web," then dubbed it Yahoo! in a stroke of marketing genius. (Later, they said it stood for "Yet Another Hierarchical Official Oracle"—but only because co-founders kept insisting it must mean something.) By



Photo: Scott K. Kopp

loaded up by the big players—Infoseek by Disney, Netscape Communications Corp. by America Online Inc. Now, says Mallett, "we're the last free-standing 1995 Internet company." The company's leaders insist they intend to keep it that way and remain independent—"a pure Web play."

How did they do it? In part, says Mallett, by keeping it simple. By not, for example, trying to take on AOL and other Internet providers head-on by charging monthly service fees. "It's very easy to wander far afield," he says. "But in the beginning, we said we need to do one thing and do it extremely well—connect people with information." The company also imposed tough financial discipline. The hip marketing style is deceptive. Internally, says Mallett, "we're waddly boring."

The stroke of luck was timing—coming to market just as demand for the Web was surging. Most of what Yahoo does, even its own people acknowledge, is not unique. It brings together services that many others offer, and information that can be found elsewhere: Internet, says Mallett, "it has to do with brand, usage, feeling. We were the first ones to really get out and build a brand." Just as important, it linked all those services seamlessly together—one sign-on gives you easy access to the entire Yahoo network.

That network now stretches around the globe, with 156 million unique users and an average of 580 million page views a day in June. It has operations in 24 countries and a dozen languages—with the world outside the United States accounting for more than 40 per cent of users and 15 per cent of revenues (up from nine per cent a year ago). The first non-American site, in Japan and Canada, opened in 1996. In Toronto, Yahoo! Canada managing director Mark Rubenstein oversees 25 employees (with plans to expand to 60 within a year) and says Yahoo! has six million registered Canadian users each month. Rubenstein acknowledges that makes Yahoo! Canada the country's "leading online media company," beating out homegrown rivals such as Canoe and Canada.com.

The trick, of course, is to turn a profit while expanding services and satisfying Wall Street's demand for ever more

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growth. Other Internet companies that have fallen short of analysts' expectations—namely Amazon.com Inc.—have been rewarded by the market this year. Amazon's stock plunged 54 per cent from its peak. Yahoo is way down, too—55 per cent from its top of \$250 a share in early January. But so far, most investors have held on—and most analysts see Yahoo as the bellwether of the Internet sector. If it disappoints, a host of weaker dot-coms could be dragged to their deaths.

The company's soft underbelly is advertising, which accounts for just over 10 per cent of revenue. Most of Yahoo's banner ads are from online companies, which pay a fee based on page views. The fear is that weakened Internet companies will slash ad budgets—and devastate Yahoo's bottom line. But in mid-July, the company reported that only 10 per cent of its ad money was coming from "financially questionable" businesses. And it stressed it is expanding other sources of revenue. Last week, it ended a high-profile on-screen partnership with Amazon.com, signing a lucrative free deal with rival book-seller Barnesandnoble.com. It is making a major push into wireless communications—services tailored to the new generation of Web-enabled cellphones and hand-held computers under the rubric *Yahoo! Everywhere*. It is launching so-called rich media services—static and video designed to be accessed through high-speed connections, including a financial channel now and, probably, a shopping channel by year's end. And it's looking for a bigger car firm retail transactions that go through its Web site.

They still worry that an unknown start-up could destroy Yahoo's competitive edge

There's no shortage of skepticism. In late August, a critical report by analyst Holly Becker at Lehman Brothers in New York City sent Yahoo's stock plunging nine per cent in a single day—a reflection of the market's hair-trigger response to anything negative in the dot-com world. Online advertising continues to erode, she said, and "it's only a matter of time before we see the impact on Yahoo's results." Other analysts, though, pumped to the company's defiance, saying they expect advertising to rebound later in the year. Even Becker amended her remarks to say that Yahoo's near-term financial results "are not at risk."

So what about Yahoo's bold claim to be building the "premier media company" of the new century? Muller, echoing a theme set by founder Wang, says he is "pursuing" that goal. The ride could end, that some yep-and-nosers start-up could develop applications that destroy Yahoo's competitive edge, or that it might lose a head-to-head battle with a bigger rival,



Robinson and Yahoo! Canada staff by their coasts, leading home-grown rivals

such as Microsoft Corp.'s airtight MSN network. Still, he insists, the seemingly unstoppable growth of the Internet means the company's future is almost unfettered. "We're only big because the Web is going to be so big. And we're in the middle, providing the tools for businesses that want to take advantage of that and consumers who want to reach them. We're really the enabler, sitting in the middle, and it's all going on in between."

And meanwhile, there's all that money Muller may not like to discuss it, but he acknowledges that "I'm not." What does that change—aside from letting you buy all the toys you want? "It's allowed me to be a freer thinker. I mean, I don't worry about money anymore." Still, there are worries—among them security for his family (he and Claire have two young daughters), a common fear in an area where so many people have so much wealth. Another downside being constantly approached by people willing to make a deal, work an angle. "It can get awkward just talking to people, and they get awkward, too. But I don't think I've changed. I know I haven't." For the future, he and his wife have set up a charitable foundation that will operate in both the United States and Canada. One possible area: "Kids and sports—my old interests."

Canadians sometimes fret that they have missed out on the Internet boom, that Muller and thousands more have had to leave home to score big in the New Economy. Muller weighs his words carefully when considering lessons for his native land; he doesn't want to be seen as belittling from afar. But, he says, "Canada hasn't been the fastest mover we've seen in adapting to the Internet, whether it's through its brokers or helping to stimulate growth of the Web." It comes down to a different business culture. "We have a saying here—it's OK to fail, but fail very quickly. Just try it, says, this isn't working, back up, try again. Whereas in Canada it's more social—there's a feeling that nobody's helping you, so why am I going to take the risk? Everyone's pointing fingers—and nobody could it by the time. The Internet just said, we're not waiting for you to figure it out." Warning around, clearly, is not something Jeff Muller is prepared to do. ☐



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Disloyal at work

Canadians fall far behind other nations when it comes to employee loyalty, according to a study by the Indianapolis-based Hudson Institute. A mere 14 per cent of Canadian workers are "truly loyal," the study found. About 24 per cent of Americans fell into that group, with the international average coming in at 36 per cent. The study found that many Canadians feel trapped in their jobs and that only 69 per cent believed their bosses to be people of "high personal integrity."

Intel takes a huge hit

Investors wiped a stunning \$115 billion from the market value of Intel Corp. after the giant chip maker issued a third-quarter profit warning. Shares of other technology stocks also fell sharply after the announcement, but analysts said Intel's troubles are specific to the Santa Clara, Calif.-based company and are unlikely to affect other Intel's market capitalization remains enormous, at about \$614 billion.

The troubled euro

Central banks intervened to support the sagging euro within days of comments by officials of the International Monetary Fund that Europe's common currency is heavily undervalued. Finance Minister Paul Martin, in Prague for the meeting of Group of Seven finance ministers and central bankers, said the intervention was justified because Canada has a great deal to gain when world currency markets are stable.

Reichmann's comeback

Paul Reichmann's embattled Canary Wharf real estate project in London's old Docklands district has turned a profit for the first time since it was built in the early 1990s. The massive development was undertaken just as the world was entering a punishing recession and its losses brought down the floundering Olympic & York empire, based in Toronto. Reichmann bought the project back from its creditors in 1995. Canary Wharf now boasts such prestigious tenants as Citibank, Credit Suisse First Boston and Clifford Chance, the city's largest law firm.

Business Notes

A new home for the toons

Franklin the turtle and **Bob and Margaret**, title characters in two of the hit shows developed by Canadian animator Nelvana Ltd., will now be owned by Corus Entertainment Inc., an affiliate of Calgary-based cable company Shaw Communications Inc. The deal, worth \$540 million or \$48 per Nelvana share, is the sixth acquisition for Corus since it was launched a year ago under the leadership of John Cusumano. The former president of CTV and the Nelvana deal will boost Corus' international presence and play a crucial role in its plan to become a key player in the market for children's programming and music. Corus already owns Treehouse TV, a digital channel aimed at preschoolers, as well as YTV, Country Music Television and



Bob and Margaret: a boost for Corus

strikes in television and The Family Channel. Nelvana's other properties include: Kids Can Press and Kluge, a recently acquired children's publisher. Nelvana also has a 20-per-cent stake in Teletoon, and is currently applying to the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission for two digital TV licences.

South Africa nixes giant gold merger

The **South African government** disallowed a proposed merger between Toronto-based Franco-Nevada Mining Corp. Ltd. and Gold Fields Ltd. of Johannesburg. The finance ministry said the deal would have allowed Gold Fields to avoid South Africa's strict currency-exchange controls. The alliance would have created the third-largest gold producer in the world. With gold prices slumping, the industry has been on a consolidation drive; gold was trading at about \$270 (U.S.) an ounce last week, not far above a two-decade low of \$253, an last year.

Financial Outlook

Consumers are opening their wallets and spending. The value of July's retail sales is up 1.3 per cent from June, the third consecutive monthly increase. Significantly, the key reason for July's jump was higher sales volumes rather than rising prices. Except for British Columbia, every province registered a monthly increase. While all sectors posted gains, the strongest came in the furniture sector. Household appliances and furnishings account for 40 per cent of the sector's sales, with home electronics and con-

sumers representing 30 per cent. Given the summer's strong numbers, MacLennan of TD Economics believes that real consumer spending should grow by as much as four per cent in the fall, stronger than earlier predicted.

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Lego goes high-tech

Lego has become a favourite work-break toy of Silicon Valley programmers and other computer geeks. But the Danish toy company behind the colourful interlocking building blocks remains focused on young people, even as the product goes high-tech. Now, Lego has introduced Vision Command, a \$149 kit featuring a PC video camera and 145 blocks to build a futuristic mead. Once plugged into a home computer, the camera can be programmed to react to motion, colour or light and, say, take a digital picture or play sounds. On its own, Lego says, Vision Command could be used as a security motion detector or a music synthesizer activated by the



Vision Command combined with robot systems a machine that reacts

waves of a hand. But the kit can also be combined with Lego's \$299, 700-piece Robotics Invention System, the core of its popular Mindstorms line of robots. That includes an infrared transmitter, light and touch sensors and motors. With both kits, kids—or adults—can build robots that react

to what they see. In the cubicles of Silicon Valley, the programmes may not get any work done.

Seeing-eye chip

Optobionics Corp. in Wheaton, Ill., recently embedded an experimental silicon chip into three blind patients. The artificial silicon retina, if successful, could one day restore partial sight to those who lose their vision after birth. Bypasses are unnecessary, as is wiring. The 2-run square chip, powered by light entering the eye, sits slightly below the surface of the retina and is thinner than a human hair. The chip transforms light into electrical signals, which stimulate central nerve cells. While it's still too early to say how well the implants work, Optobionics says there have been no signs of infection, rejection, retinal detachment, or other complications in its clinical trials.

Danilo Horvath/ibm

Cool Sites

Mike's likes

The Internet is Planet Central for the biz and the amateur. Now, it has its scab—Mike Hagan, who puns out Mike's List: The Silly Can Valley Report from, as his Web site says, "deep inside the black heart of Silicon Valley." The list, available on the site (www.civillist.com) and as an email newsletter, includes odd and sane items from the latest news.

- www.boston.com details mis-understood song lyrics. Its name comes from Jane Horvath singing, "Excuse me while I kiss the sky."
- www.fox.com now offers "The annotated Dennis Miller," in which the encyclopedia site explains the comedian's media references on ABC's *Monday Night Football* ("I haven't seen another bloodline than this since the house of Plantagenet").

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Shepard, inventing the last of ranch country on both sides of the border

People Edited by Shonda Dwyer

Actor, playwright, cowboy

For American actor and Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright Sam Shepard, shooting the Canadian television movie *Wild Geese* in ranch country near Calgary brought him back to where his acting career began in earnest nearly a quarter-century ago. In 1978, Shepard won a phony role in Terrence Malick's *Days of Heaven*. The film, shot in southern Alberta, became something of a cult classic. "Back then, I was pretty much scared to death," said Shepard, 56. "I was intimidated by the camera and unwilling to reveal too much as an actor."

After appearing in nearly 30 films, including *The Right Stuff*, *The Pelican Brief* and *Crimes of the Heart*, Shepard is much more comfortable now on a film set. But he still considers most screenwriting to be abysmal. "Films have become so technical that language has receded into the background," says the author of such acclaimed plays as *True West* and *Bored Child*.

Shepard says that it was the unusual

quality of the script that attracted him to *Wild Geese*, which is set in stratospheric TV in early 2001. Based on a 1920s postcard novel by Martha O'Rourke, it was adapted for television by Suzanne Courant (*Love and Hate*, *Conspiracy of Silence*) and directed by Jeremy Podeswa (*The Five Senses*). Shepard plays Caleb Goss, an autistic farmer obsessed with acquiring land who keeps his family in near-poverty.

For Shepard, an avid horseman, an added bonus was the film's western setting. Raised in the American southwest, he now spends much of his time on a 160-hectare ranch in Minnesota with his partner, actress Jessica Lange, and their two children. Shepard lauds the way that urban development is encroaching on traditional ranch country on both sides of the border. "It's even more frightening to see up here because you think Canada is going to maintain some kind of rural integrity," says Shepard. "It's heartbreaking."

A mould by Manon

Manon Rhéaume is no stranger to breaking new ground—or ice. The trailblazer of women's hockey from Las-Bonspours, Que., was the first woman to play in a major junior-level hockey game and the first woman to play in the National Hockey League. Now, Rhéaume, 26, will tackle the business world. Fiercely with the discomfited women suffer from wearing ill-fitting skates designed for men, Rhéaume joined Santa Ana, Calif.-based Mission Hockey and spearheaded its marketing and development of the Betsy Flycatcher—a hockey skate meant to fit a woman's foot.

Rhéaume, who retired from the Canadian national women's hockey team in July after eight years goading for the team, has helped recruit high-profile players like Hayley Wickenheiser and has advised Mission Hockey on the development of the skates—which feature more ankle support and a higher instep. "I know the frustration of being treated like 'just a girl,'" she says. "Now



I got to give back something to women's hockey." Although she no longer represents Canada, Rhéaume still plays women's professional hockey at home in Montreal. But she says that what really keeps her moving is 16-month-old son Dylan. "He's already playing hockey," she says, "hitting his mother across the floor with my curling iron."

Rhéaume knows the frustration of being treated like 'just a girl'.

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Ann Dowsett Johnston

The value of human Velcro

Colin Dodds may be a specialist in international finance, but these days you could swear he was gooseing his skills on bridges. Set down with the new president of Saint Mary's University in Halifax, and talk runs quickly to money. Trump, not as in Donald, but as in trump faculty as trump department: the academic arena where Dodds needs to hang on to just last month Dodds, along with his peers across Canada, submitted the names of faculty to the new Canada Research Chair program, making an opening bid for their first batch of candidates in those lucrative positions. Dodds was allowed to submit two names, with a strategic plan for each in making his choice, he looked carefully at his own herd, and put forth a name in zoophysics and in business. Problem is, Dodds has more than two strong faculty to keep happy. His gifted zoophysics thought both chairs should go to zoophysics. Dodo in business there is at least one valued mauling specialist who will be disappointed by the business bid. And for that reason, Dodds is headed for a mad from the neighbouring and relatively rich Dalhousie: "Is Dal going to give fewer of their chairs to business?" he muses. "It just might if I were in their shoes."

Make no mistake, in academic circles, 'tis the season for eating. Attracting and retaining strong faculty has become the most urgent near-future university leaders, both in Canada and abroad. Between now and 2010, Canadian universities need to go on a shopping spree for 20,000 new professors. For that reason, last year's announcement of the chair program was met with applause. The federal initiative represents an enormous investment in grey matter, establishing 2,000 chairs over a five-year period, with \$200,000 allotted for the year one research position and \$100,000 for the entire term.

This was an innovative move, designed to rescue the brain drain. But as always, the devil is in the details. In context, each chair is a luring lynchpin for attracting talent. At first, those lynchpins were only to the search-intensive schools: chairs were to be allocated in direct correlation to a university's success in attracting funding from the three federal granting councils. The smaller universities cried foul, and as a result, 120 chairs were redistributed to those with less than one per cent of granting council funding.

This redistribution spawned many, but not all. Concordia notes Fred Lowy believes that the program will have disastrous, and unintended consequences for Canada—namely,

the reinforcement of a two-tiered system where the rich get richer and the poorer get poorer so. He believes the current rules encourage raiding, will further up academic salary levels and have the potential to destroy strong research groups. "Our top people have been offered chairs by other institutions," says Lowy. "This causes us to see our chairs in a protective way."

In the short term, Lowy may be right: most universities are using their initial chair allotment for retention, protecting their stars from both domestic and international raids. Toronto has used 36 of its first 40 to secure internal candidates. According to Suzanne Foster, vice-principal academic at Queen's, there has been "a lot of poaching and attacks from other schools." Faculty are filing into her office, saying that they would prefer to stay, but they need some proof of the university's commitment: in other words, show them some money. "And that's the problem," says Foster. "We have relatively limited resources." Queen's, which is used to being ruled by other countries, will use some chutz to retain senior players, thereby

fining up salary dollars to recruit promising talent.

To date, only McGill has declared that it will use its full complement of chairs for strategic recruiting. This fall, in its first submission to the chair program, the university included three Americans, three Canadians currently working in the United States, and an Israeli. To alluviate internal disappointment, McGill will match its chairs with an equal number of distinguished professorships, funded at the identical level. Luc

Viner, vice-principal academic, vows that they will take a pass-off approach when it comes to raiding, saying simply: "We will bring pay gold to Montreal." Of course, McGill has the necessary resources to look after its own, and have internationally. So does the University of British Columbia, so does Toronto.

The real and extended effect of the chair program is to build strong schools of distinctive strength. At any given researcher what attracts them to a position, and the answer is mostly money. What is key is the ability to work with other gifted people. Think of it as human Velcro: a brilliant leader makes others stick around. Over time, the Darwinian fact is that yes, the rich in this system will get richer. And over time, the number of strong schools in Canada will grow. By that very fact, the research chair program is certain to have a huge swelling effect not only on the future of the educational landscape in Canada, but on the very fabric of the country as well.

A sampling of academic chair allocations, projected over the first five years of the program

UNIVERSITY	Dalhousie	UBC	Saint Mary's	Q
HALIFAX	10	10	10	10
MONTREAL	10	10	10	10
TORONTO	10	10	10	10
VANCOUVER	10	10	10	10

Source: University of Toronto

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Health

Mammogram or not?

The X-ray test is valuable, cancer experts say, despite a study raising some doubt

Moira Stibbel does not enjoy having mammography tests that could detect cancer in her breasts. "They're physically uncomfortable," she says, "and every time I go through a lot of what I'm worrying about, maybe finding out I have breast cancer." Stibbel, 46, a physician herself and co-director of the breast health program at the British Columbia Women's Hospital in Vancouver, has never had breast cancer. Yet once a year, she gets said: her inclination and allows her breasts to be flattened between plastic plates and exposed to low-dose X-rays. Like many doctors, Stibbel believes mammography combined with physical examination is the best way to detect early evidence of breast cancer, a disease that this year will kill an estimated 5,500 Canadian women. Breast cancer mortality rates in Canada and some other countries have been declining—and many experts think increased use of mammography is one of the reasons. "I urge women to have mammograms," says Stibbel. "I can't think of any good reason why most women shouldn't."

Stibbel maintains that opinion despite a major Canadian study published last week that cast doubt on the value of mammograms and endorsed physical breast examinations as an alternative. In a follow-up report on a breast cancer study that began 20 years ago, researchers concluded that for women in their 50s—the group most at risk of breast cancer—mortality rates were the same regardless of whether they had regular mammograms and physical breast examinations or simply had their breasts examined by doctors and nurses. The finding generated widespread media coverage, including a widely misleading front-page headline in the *National Post* that declared, "Mammograms pointless."

That was not the message cancer specialists want women to hear. "We don't want women to think that just because a doctor runs his hands over her breasts for a minute or two she doesn't need a mammogram," says Dr. David Rayson, a Halifax oncologist. The point that should be drawn from the study, says Dr. Barbara Whylie, the Canadian Cancer Society's national affairs director, is that for women who don't have access to mammography or find the test too painful,

"regular physical examination by qualified personnel may be an option."

Almost from the start, the ambitious Canadian National Breast Screening Study has generated criticism and controversy. Launched in 1980, the project involved nearly 40,000 women divided into two groups, one for screening by mammograms and physical examinations and the other by physical exams alone, at 15 centres. A preliminary follow-up study was widely challenged in 1992 when it found no significant differences in mortality rates between the groups. The latest report reached the same conclusion 12 years after the study period ended, 10% of the women who had mammograms and physical examinations, and 10% of those who only had physical examinations, had died of breast cancer.

The study did find that mammograms were better than physical examinations for early detection of small non-invasive cancers, though that did not appear to affect long-term mortality rates. "We're not saying that mammograms aren't useful," says Dr. Anthony Miller, the University of Toronto researcher who led the study. "The point is, women who have access to high-quality physical breast examinations can choose this option as an alternative to mammography."

Cancer specialists who vehemently challenged that conclusion cited flaws in the study that might have skewed the findings. They noted that mammography equipment available in the 1980s was less sensitive than machines currently in use. And they objected that the study used radiologists without mammography training to interpret X-rays.

To best protect themselves from breast cancer, says Whylie, women should examine their breasts often, see a physician for regular examinations as well—and have mammograms. Regardless of questions raised by the controversial new study, she adds, "Mammography is still the gold standard. The results of one study can't change that."

Mark Nichols



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Television

Coroner's Court

Nicholas Campbell
makes *Da Vinci's*
Inquest a hit

By Chris Wood

A thin figure in unpressed khakis and a leather jacket waits near the clubhouse door at Hastings Park, the venerable Vancouver horse track. He sits on a green bench in the September sun, head bent over the racing form. The track is quiet on a midweek morning, but not inactive. Inside, a score of horseplayers hover between the betting windows and TV screens covering the action at Belmont and Woodbine. Out in the sun, the dun guy lights a Camel. Breathing out, Nicholas Campbell reflects on the parallels between the backstretch and his day job. "The actors I admire," he says, "all have an understanding of what disappointment is about."

The star of *Da Vinci's Inquest*, which returns on CBC on Oct. 4, knows about disappointment. So does his character in the series: coroner Dominic De Vito. But the 48-year-old actor is celebrating these days. And if his on-screen alter ego isn't exactly popping champagne corks, he does seem to be mellowing a bit as the series enters its third season: a Canadian hit, with the audience occasionally surpassing one million. Praised by critics, the show is seen in more than 40 countries. Last year, *Da Vinci* won a *Genie Award* for best dramatic series. Last week, it collected 10 more *Genie*

nominations—more than any other show—including one for best dramatic series. Campbell and fellow cast members Donnelly Rhodes and Ian Tracey were also nominated, for best actor in a dramatic series.

Campbell's layered portrayal of the impassioned, flawed De Vito is largely responsible for the show's success. But Campbell says the credit should go to series creator Chris Haddock, who conceived the part with the actor in mind. "I never thought I'd see this in Canada," Campbell confides. "There's a high level of production, a high level of intelligence and people are watching at home. It's every actor's dream."

Season three brings some changes to *Da Vinci*: Sean-Joe Redmond joins the cast as Sgt. Sheila Korte, who takes over the homicide unit after her predecessor's suicide. And Hud-

Photo: Rick Kavanagh

Widh's right
Campbell, Stohr
Marlene arrest-
served director

lock says he and the show's other writers have "tried to add an additional story into each episode." But *Da Vinci* will remain rooted in his beloved Vancouver. Harlock treats the port city, with its police forces, global crime and public market in human degradation, almost as an additional player in his talented ensemble cast. And *Da Vinci*'s fictional world continues to draw inspiration from the real city's bedrooms and back alleys. A vicious assault on a squalor youth only a block from where the production was shooting during its first season returns this fall as a story line.

Dominic De Vito, meanwhile, has learned a thing or two through the episodes—rare for a disaster in series television. "I don't think he would have survived in this job had he been consistently the way he was in the first year," Campbell says. "He was drinking and saying he wasn't. He was handling people really rough." In episodes now being shot, De Vito's drinking is more controlled. "We're not dramatizing it, which is much more interesting for me," the actor adds. "I can bring it into play without having to state it." Overall, he says, there is a maturity to him there wasn't. Maybe a patience.

Friends are some of the same new confidence in Campbell's life. And they credit much of it to the unusual combination of professional satisfaction and stable employment he has found on *Da Vinci*. Despite more than 40 starring movie and TV credits over a quarter of a century, Campbell has often struggled for respect in his industry. Early in his career, what he calls "pretty-boy" good looks undercut the quality of his acting in films like *The Amateur* and *The Onion*. By the late 1980s, Campbell was starring in *Dissonance* (a Canadian-made *Manhattan*-style knockoff), appearing in Hollywood productions like *The Inheritor* (a mini-series about the Kennedys) and

working regularly for horror-movie David Cronenberg. In the past decade, Campbell has stepped behind the camera to direct two films that reflect his own interests. *Stopping Ruess—Red X*, a documentary about troubled rapper-artist Peter Tosh, which Campbell also wrote, and *Assurance*, a feature scripted in after-hours Toronto, both found some critical acclaim. But neither proved bold at the box office. Campbell now has a development deal with CBC for a film set in the home world.

Even as he accumulated credits, Campbell was making another kind of name for himself—as a die-hard partyer with an explosive temper. Gwyneth Wilds, who plays pathologist (and ex-wife) Patricia De Vito on the CBC series, appeared with Campbell on a *Dissonance* episode. "There's no doubt he was burning the candle at both ends back then," she says.



Campbell insists the more outrageous rumors about his hard living are exaggerated. Never much of a drinker, he says any encounter he may have had during his party days with illicit substances were kept strictly to after working hours. "I've never scared myself," he says. In any case, those days are mostly gone now. He no longer even owns a race horse—his more expensive habit—after investing in about 30 attempts over the years. "Never really had any that worked out," he admits. "But had a lot of fun. An Oscar couldn't come close to winning a \$3,200 dinner at Fort Erie."

The actor who diths both *Da Vinci*'s frailty and his nobility—what one critic called his "wobbly charm and patently convoluted"—is a more complicated character than he first appears. That most-scared, cocaine-infused director berrays little evidence he ever studied grammar in the piousness of Upper Canada College. The shopworn horse-player is a long way from the pro-sports minister he once seemed destined to become. "I think he is one of those people in life who has misused himself," observes Wilds. "He's got his demons, and one can see that. But he's also got a lightness about him."

Born in Toronto and raised in Montreal, Campbell headed to Queen's University in Kingston, Ont., after graduating from UCC in 1970. Intending to eventually study law, he began an undergraduate degree in political science. But after trying theatre arts—initially for what he expected to be a "bird-course" credit—he switched to English and drama. Then, Campbell travelled to London to study at the Drama Studio and the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. The decision to become an actor shocked his blue-blood grandmother. "She thought there was something wrong with me," he remembers. "I was on TV in my underwear."

The guy on-screen with him in the TV drama *Give Back Little Sheila*—also in underwear—was Laurence Olivier. The English actor became a strong influence on the young Canadian. Back in Toronto in the late '70s, Campbell suffered through an actor's apprenticeship, picking up odd jobs to pay the rent—including, for a time, a 600-dollar paper cozier.

As Campbell's career began to pick up speed in the early '80s, his first marriage—to English actress Louisa Martin—



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Haddock (left) and Campbell: "I've never scared myself"

untravelled. Relations with other women have often been stormy, fueling the rumour mill. "Everyone believes a woman with a negative story," Campbell says, but goes on to admit "I've created a few of those." His second marriage, to Canadian Renee Kobayashi, also came apart, but not before the couple had a son, Cole, in 1983. A third alliance, to American fashion designer Harner Abikawa, looked for a time as though it might stick. Campbell moved to Los Angeles, working steadily and helping his wife launch a store on Hollywood's trendy Melrose Avenue. The couple have two sons, Jesse and Clayton.

By the mid-'90s, Campbell was touring on California and marriage both. "I didn't really like the situation there anymore," he says. "The desperation around the television business." In 1996, he came home to Toronto. Throughout all the moves, the marriages and the morning calls to the set, one thing has been a constant: Campbell's ruled passion for his craft. It is that quality—not personal commiseration—say friends, that has built his reputation for on-air blowups. Haddock, who earned his spurs as a screenwriter on *Dawson's*, recalls how "Nick used to sneak into the writing offices at every opportunity, to try to get copy drafts of scripts. If he thought it was sinking, he'd let you know about it."

He's also been known to rewrite his lines on the fly. Filming *New Waterford Girl* when the 18-year-old acting sensation Laine Balaban last year, Campbell wandered off the script-to-office that director Allan Moyle tried to restrain him. Balaban recalls the film-maker admonishing his son and former L.A. roommate: "Nick, some of the lines in the script are good, too." Campbell admits he is "re-acting" about his busyness. "I'm not going to look at this in 10 years and say 'I wish I'd backed the prop guy off a little bit,'" he says. "And if you're going to shoot right now, and you don't have to read when I say it now, well, it's going to come out not so nice." Among other actors, Campbell's nature inspires respect. Says Balaban: "It helps when Nicholas is a little bit considerate." More than once on the *New Waterford* set, Campbell forced the last-minute repair of a glaring photomontage into a scene. "Nobody else fixed it either," Balaban recalls, "but Nick was the only one who had the courage to speak up."

There has been less of that on *Da Vinci*. "Winners for the show say Campbell usually says 'no' to scripts," he returns credit for due to Haddock and company. "His show is so good," Campbell says, "I can back off a lot of things. I used to torture myself over it. But he has also worked in recent years to contain his temper, once so that he wondered if he might be an 'anger-holic.'"

Those closer to him talk more about Campbell's un-



surprising generosity and talent than his temper. "He's not masochistic at all," recalls Abikawa, from whom the actor is separated but not divorced. "His gold watch fell off, he wouldn't look for it." Says Rhodes, who plays veteran homicide cop Leo Shannon on the show (his 13th series). "He compliments the day players who come in, goes over, thanks them."

Campbell's acting is so smooth, his colleagues say it verges on the invisible. "It knocked me off guard a couple of times," says Ian Tracey (descriptive Mick Leary), whose own 25-year career on front of the camera began at 11. "I thought, 'Are we out of the scene? No, we're in a even deeper.'" Adds Walsh: "I love working with him. He's generally playing two or three levels at once." As well as actor, his colleagues say, *Da Vinci* has brought Campbell a new rubric, which is helping him secure adulation with his family. All three of his sons spent the summer with him in Vancouver, frequently joining their father on set. On days off, the four sometimes pulled together a soccer game with Tracey and Rhodes—also single fathers—and their sons. Reflects Campbell: "Without this show, I don't know if I would have had such access to my own family."

Friends, too, have noticed a change. "I think this role has jolted things for him," adds Rhodes. "Not only as an actor, but as a person. He's grown tremendously." Even his most recent on-camera exclamation, Abikawa answers, Campbell is a success story. "Very intelligent... great deal... wild... crazy." But lately, the agent, "he's becoming more sensible."

As amiable as a homeplayer ever gets, leaning back on the green-painted wood in the pale sun, Campbell expounds on his theme: movies are like home, where you win on the first race disappears on the next. There is true embracing, ephemeral sense of "family" that develops around a film or television crew. "It's the nurse on the backstreet." A temporary family, fully aware it is doomed to disperse at the end of the run, the end of the season. "There's an addiction to the adrenalin of it," the actor raps. "Kind of like the junkie filling in love with the fix, instead of the fix." For a moment, the actor is the corner in the room, intimately acquainted with disappointment, but avowing the woman's circle while it lasts. ☐

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Canadian publisher Anna Porter talks to *Maclean's* Senior Writer Robert Sheppard about her childhood in postwar Hungary

Anna's Journey

The author is squirming in her chair, fidgeting with an elastic band like a schoolgirl kept after class. On any other platform, Anna Porter is clearly the one in charge. The woman who jetted through the ranks of Canada's book world like a rocket—from Jack McClelland's right-hand lady in the 1970s to the undisputed boss of her own savvy publishing house, Key Porter Books—has an enviable life. The darling of international book fairs, Pals (her word) with the fan crowd of Canadian letters (Margaret Atwood, Peter Gzowski, Allan Fotheringham. The comic half of a storybook marriage to Toronto lawyer Julian Porter, an *Onassis* blue blood with a refined sense of the absurd. That along the way she has found time to toss off three mystery novels and side two daughters in modern testimony to an energy level that borders on the divine.

But it is Anna Porter's *after life* that is under the microscope now. She has just written *The Storyteller: Memory, Secrets, Magic and Lies, A Memoir of Hungary*, a memoir of her childhood and the 500-year story of her family compressed into the revolution that is postwar Hungary, emerging from the Nazis to the Communists—officially, a far cry from the safe confines of the mystery genre. And so the edges, publicly, her famous storylines merged and self-effacing. "I'm finding it quite hard to talk about this book," Porter says. "It's very personal. And I've managed to avoid talking about personal things for a great many years. Even Julian was astounded at some of the stories that have emerged."

Little wonder: Porter's own story is quite fantastic. Born in the latter stages of the Second World War, while the Allies were bombing Budapest, she tasted the rich, velvety life of the Vienna-style coffee houses and the grimy reality of the people—Jews during the war, and then refugees from the Communists—who hid in her basement to escape the nuthouse. She was 12 or 13 at the time of the Hungarian Revolution in October, 1956; she is deliberately vague about her age—another has been a survival tool (even, maybe especially in the world of publishing). And she married the stress of the revolution with an overheard rifle, shooting at Russians. Did she actually aim at anyone? "Oh yes." The answer is immediate, her eyes almost flashing with excitement: "Whether I succeeded or

not, I have no idea. But I was raised, psychologically at least, to be a warrior." Raised by the extraordinary man who is the storyteller of the tale, her grandfather Vil Rák.

A big, raw-boned Londoner's son who could lift a chair in each hand with someone sitting on each one, Vil was a larger-than-life character. A hero in the First World War, a champion swordsman and athlete who represented Hungary in the Olympics Games, he became a publisher—as his granddaughter would also be one day—of theatre and movie magazines and, above all, a consummate raconteur.

He was also a magician who could charm not just children with his sleight-of-hand "Years later," Porter writes in her book, "I heard about a man at Rákóczi [a Soviet work camp in Hungary where her grandfather had been imprisoned] who entertained the other prisoners with magic tricks. He used tiny storybooks and bits of paper fashioned to look like cards, and he asked them to guess what he would turn up next. He had made them laugh."

Memory, secrets, magic and lies, the memoir is "really a debt to my grandfather," Porter says in the cozy director of her Toronto office. "I think of it as a suitcase—bits of bones and stories and remnants of people—that has been carried from the steppes, across the mountains and handed on from generation to generation." Now it is her turn to hand on, not just the stories but the telling. And maybe that is why she fidgets. Vil is a hard act to follow.

—EXCERPT—

Of all his talents, I think he was proudest of his prowess with the sword. He had been, arguably, the best sword duelist in Budapest. His duels were mostly fought in the early hours, at five or six in the morning, somewhere in a park where you could barely see your opponent in the dawn light. Yet a crowd gathered when Vil Rák fought. No one in my home liked to talk about my grandfather's duels. "It's because they were all about women," his brother Béla told



Porter, who fled at 14, fled during the Hungarian Revolution

left by the roadside. The three men climbed back into their trucks, still laughing at her outrageous ways. It seemed, they said later, that comrade Leó Rák hadn't understood the new spirit of sharing. They had shared their spirit brandy in a sweeter for her coffee and that was all they had. Afterwards it was her turn to share.

I had just started school in 1950 and already knew that "bourgeois" was a bad word, almost as bad as *kádár* (landowner). When my grandfather took me to see Leó in the hospital, his feet hammered the hard-thinned floor in the all-white corridors, the deep bottles on nurse's carts shaking with his every step. I had never seen him angry before that day. As he berated, he took her shamed face between his large hands as gently as if he were holding an injured bird. Some weeks later, when Leó was home again, she told me that her father had run two of her stricken through with his 1908 Olympic sword. The third one he drew out of the window of his second-story apartment.

Are these stories true? Porter shrugs, it almost doesn't matter. They are the stories she remembers, that her mother and aunt remember, though she acknowledges that each recalls things a little differently. Not to worry. These are the stories that sustain a family, as they sustain countless others whose lives have been apart by war and emigration. The Rák family across nations: Leó, the belle of the ball in the 1930s, through eight husbands and a lifetime of romance. They sustained Anna and her mother, Puci.

By that time, Vil had already fathered three daughters with my grandmother and, though I didn't find out till much later, some 16 other children by an assortment of women who had found him irresistible. His "golfing," as his daughter Leó used to call it, created little strata of tension around our dinner table.

Leó's second husband was a wounded Hungarian army captain. My beautiful aunt Leó learned to drive trucks to support them. In the summer of 1950, at a truck-stop café some 60 miles south of Budapest, she was raped and beaten in the cab of her four-ton diesel-engine distance hauler and

(Anna's father had disappeared after the war), while in a Russian detention camp on their way to following Vil and his wife, Therese, to New Zealand. This was in the immediate aftermath of the 1956 uprising, the bar of the family wealth having been spent at birth. And they nourished a lifetime fire of grumpy, whatever its form, and even here, says Porter, in peaceable Canada.

In 1967, she attempted to enroll in the Israeli army at the start of the Six-Day War—though she is not Jewish—and made it as far as Athens before she was rebuffed. The border was somehow unimpressed with her ability to fire

Excipiental portraits from The Storyteller: Memory, Secrets, Magic and Lies, A Memoir of Hungary, copyright Anna Porter, published by Doubleday Canada Ltd., Toronto

The memoir is dominated by her grandfather, a raconteur, Olympic athlete, publisher, magician

a gun. Instead, an English graduate with a degree from the University of Canterbury in New Zealand, she immigrated to Canada in 1968 (after a brief stop in London), and fell in love with the writings of Margaret Laurence and Leonard Cohen, and soon after, the crazy can-do attitude at McClelland & Stewart. There, happy warrior Jack McClelland was busy bluffing his way through insecurity and other business matters, a kind of Canadian Vili. But he won her over with his demands

— EXCERPT —

In the beginning, my mother and I, there were only two couples in the basement. One man was a journalist who had worked at one of Vili's magazines. The other had owned a small factory; he had been a Seventh House with Vili during the First World War, and Vili and the man had saved bullets once. The two women had been society ladies. Now they fought over who would get the corner bed where a sliver of light fell in the mornings through a grate that opened on to the garden. They had brought their jewelry in identical mahogany boxes, and they argued over which of them had been the first to buy one and who had spotted it in the other's bedroom. The men were quiet. The women talked too much. They were all frightened.

In late summer of 1944, Vili arrived home with another small group of people he had picked up as they were marched towards the Eastern Railroad Station. They were being collected for a work camp in the East or for Auschwitz. Somehow, Vili had bluffed his way into the long, silent row of men, women and children and insisted he needed an immediate work detail for a bomb shelter for Arrow Cross (the Hungarian version of the Nazi party) families. "Little men," Vili told me, "used to talking orders are usually intimidated by loud, commanding voices of larger men. But you have to pick your targets carefully."

Anna Porter, too, has picked her targets carefully. The most common criticism of Kay Porter Books, the company she co-founded in 1980 with magazine publisher Michael de Pencier, is that it makes money. In other words, it is too cautious for the adventurous world of book publishing. Porter doesn't dispute that. With roughly \$10 million a year in revenues, Kay Porter has a large number of financial how-to and other steady-odds money-carners in its stable. When hockey guru Wayne Gretzky retired a year ago—and Porter returned home to find husband Julian "blabbering," as she describes it, in front of the television—her firm was the first to turn around a quickie Gretzky coffee to capitalize on the emotion of the moment. There is a pine table to Porter, a friend says. Part of her want to be respected for publishing serious titles



Anna and Vili; Leah (top); Vili the athlete around 1910 (right); in Italy, rape, upheaval, violence, internment, exile—and the solace of stories

and another past just wants to risk it to the boys and show she can make money. Her "only" had you, she stresses, was when a new Ontario government changed its grant structure four years ago and she had to sell a minority interest to rival publisher Jack Stoddart.

In more years, however, there has been noticeably more fiction on the Kay Porter list, more high-end chick books, like the personalized histories of Europe by University of Toronto historian Madris Ekman, and more rare-the-earth environmental editions, a hobby horse of the publisher. Now, she says, she wants to give up the day-to-day rains of running a publishing firm by "the end of this year" and concentrate more on the manuscript and her own writing. She has said this before. This time, she says, she means it. Vili had warned her to be a poet—a warrior poet, no doubt—but it is too hard, Porter says, to write poetry in a second language. Carrying Vili's suitcase of stories to a new land and displaying its contents for strangers to pore over may have taken its psychological toll, but it does appear to have opened a new door. "I really do feel," says Porter, the rubber band stretched almost to breaking point, "that I have more stories to tell."

— EXCERPT —

The piano tuner's daughter asked if I could help her carry a bucket of soapy, slippery water and splash it over the stones. "The [Soviet] tanks will be coming this way," she explained. "Also help us, and later so did the doctors' sons. Also had thoughts were infirmities. When the tanks came

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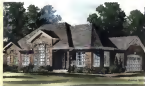


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Books

they slid around on the wet posing stones, but the sidewalks always bounced back and decided to a halt. They were like these gay bags, checking the surroundings with their antennae. In the late afternoon, one of my classmates, a girl called Zuzi whose one distinction was that she could swear as well as the men, in the ice cars, came striding across with a bouquet of red and white flowers, wore straight to the nearest tank, ignored its swelling in her direction and placed the flowers into its burner. Everyone applauded. It wasn't until the next day that the tanks began to fire.

Zuzi, Alice and I were coming out of Garibaldi Street, eating vanilla ice cream from a street vendor who was going it away. There was still a carnival feel to the day. It had even stopped raining. Suddenly, there was the sound of machine-guns, louder and faster than the popping of the single shots the night before. When the screaming began, people behind us pushed forward into the retreating crowd. Nobody believed that soldiers were firing. "The army is ours," someone said. Looking up to where I thought the sound was loudest, I saw two men in khaki uniforms on the roof of another government building, the rapid rat-a-tat of their guns sweeping the street from side to side. The sound of sirens now mixed with the rat-a-tat. There were stretcher bearers, some with white armbands, others wearing white coats. Tanks came hurtling down the Scotchman Embankment. A boy with cropped hair who looked vaguely familiar shouted for us to duck behind one of the old classical trees. "Watch out for the machine-guns in the back," he yelled. The guns were swivelling quickly, firing short bursts at the lower windows.

The boy opened a sack he carried over his shoulder and handed Zuzi and me bottles with paper corks. His fingers were sooty. "Here," he said. "You light the cork and use it as the tank." They go up like big wheezy firecrackers. You get much?" I didn't. "You can have this," he said. "I'll use my mom's lighter. Now watch," and he ran our next to a racing tank, tossed the bottle at its side, then he moved back. "Missed," he yelled to the machine-gun turret swang our way. I pulled Zuzi down next to me. Earth splattered over our faces and hands. We were lying flat on the ground, our chests on the wet pavement. There were soggy cigarette butts under my lips. The boy springing up and shouted something, then flopped on his belly beside me. The tanks curved past the corner and rumbled down the next street.

I got to my knees. Zuzi was already standing. Only the boy remained lying down behind the tree, his face turned to us, his eyes open. "We're going now," I told him. There were five or six more bottles leaning against the tree. "We could maybe take one," I suggested, to appease him. "Perhaps these



Resistance fighter in 1956 Budapest: fugitives hid in the author's basement

will be more tanks along the way." He didn't move. I prodded him with the toe of my shoe. He still didn't move. "Here," Zuzi shouted to a woman in a white coat. "Will you please look at him?" It was so quiet now that Zuzi's voice rang

out loud as a school bell. I could hear a crow up in the tree over our heads. When the woman reached us she bent over the boy, lifted his arms and turned him over on his back. "He is dead," she said.

I don't remember how I went home, nor even which streets I had to avoid. And I don't remember when Zuzi said goodbye or whether she ever did. But I was alone when I stopped at the piano tuner's apartment and asked if I could clean up before I went upstairs. He shook his head with disapproval but he let me in anyway. He didn't ask whose blood had stained my clothes. He was curing his

As a publisher, Porter balances a commitment to serious titles with a pirate side focused on making money

own piano, his eyes fixed on the keys. I wished my shirt in his bathtub, but when his daughter saw me she gave me one of her leering winks.

I noticed that they had moved the grand piano to the back, near his kitchen, away from the windows. "My father," she said, "has bad memories from the war. He hates the sound of gunfire. The Russians used his family for target practice." She mixed a glass of snowberry drink and set it near the window, listening to her father's scales.

I was so tired I crawled up to the fourth floor and waited outside Alice's door until I heard her voice inside telling her mother we had been playing in the cellars all day. Then I went home. That was the day, they say later, that the real revolution began. Until then, it was just an uprising. ■

A finger on the musical pulse

Like her or not, it's hard to avoid Madonna, who receives more media exposure than most world leaders. And miraculously, a new recording only adds to the onslaught. So why bother to review *Music*, her 14th studio album? Because Madonna will generate cutting-edge sounds destined to become part of the pop lexicon. Produced by France's Mirwais Ahmadou and Britain's William Orbit, the man behind 1996's *Ray of Light*, Madonna's latest is a shamanic return to her dance roots. And some of the lyrics are downright silly (*Ingenious Jesus*): "I like to sing, sing, sing, like a bird on a wing, wing, wing"). But there's an adventurous quality to the



The artist still generating cutting-edge sounds

album, from the otherworldly studio effects applied to Madonna's voice to the trance-inducing techno beats to the vulnerability of ballads like *Nobody's Perfect*. Maybe she deserves the publicity after all. **Nicholas Jennings**

The separatist version

Who better to review the French translation of Marcel Schwob's novel (*Bonny's Version*) than the author's political nemesis? That was clearly the devilish thinking at Montreal's *La Presse* newspaper, which asked Louise Beaudoin to read *Le Monde de Bonny* over the summer. Beaudoin is the Parti Québécois minister responsible for Québec's French-language charter, while Schwob is a vociferous critic of Québec's language policy. But Beaudoin's verdict on the novel, pub-

lished in French last year, might surprise Richter. "I was really entertained," she told *La Presse*. "It's written with so much humour and self-deprecation." Still, Beaudoin called the Montreal office of the Parisian publisher Les Éditions Albin Michel to protest some of the French translations, such as Maurice Richard being referred to as "la fusée" instead of "le Rocket," the term used by francophones. As for the man who penned the book, Beaudoin declared: "Marcel Schwob is a great Québecois writer, whether he likes that or not."

Spinning laughs

In these fame-obsessed times, even publicists are getting a TV show of their own. *P.R.*, a new CBC comedy series making its debut on Oct. 2, follows the over-the-top antics of three women as they scramble to keep a public relations firm afloat. Comedian Diane Flacks co-wrote the series and also stars as the chief, uh, flack. Co-starring Elie Harnie and stage-screen veteran Fiona Reid, *P.R.* taps the same vein of obsessive personalities as *Grounded For Life*. But unlike the gloriously degenerate characters of that cult hit, these women seem merely silly, and the series frequently strains for



Flacks and Harnie only

joins. In one episode, Flacks' character uses black-mail to get her husband on a talk show, threatening to expose the fact that she's been over three times at a crosswalk. In another, the agency's accountant repeatedly hits Reid's character on the head with a payphone. This *P.R.* could have used a visit from the spin doctor.

Susan Oh



He's got Bette Davis eyes

The 1977 cult film *Outrageous* helped to make drag queen a pop phenomenon. Starring Vancouver's Craig Russell (who died in 1990), it features impersonations of such icons as Marilyn Monroe and Mae West. Now the Canadian Stage Company is kicking off its season (on Sept. 28) with a musical version of *Outrageous*, created by queer playwright Paul Fester and composer

Joey Miller. But this time, African-American legends like Billie Holiday have been added to the mix.

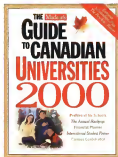
That's because black performer Thera Allison, 28, is playing the lead. "It happened by fate," says the Winnipeg native. Allison had a minor part until he stood in for the lead during a public workshop and brought the house down. The actor saw *Outrageous* at the age of 10; "I thought it was so cool. Now, I feel blessed—Craig Russell started my impersonating in the first place."



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Entertainment Notes

Talking with the dead

In recent decades, the greatest advances in Egyptology have come from applying modern medicine to ancient mummies. Scientists like Rosalie David, co-author with Rick Archibald of *Conversations with Mummies* (HarperCollins), have used CAT scans, X-rays and DNA testing on thousands of preserved bodies. The research, much of which was done in 1990s with Royal Ontario Museum mummies, has led to remarkably precise personal details. In 1994, the ROM subjected to 3,000-year-old sealed coffin containing the princess Djedneferubastet to a four-hour CAT scan. The results not only showed what killed her—a massive, apricotting dental abscess—her reconstructed face, yielding a vivid image of a beautiful woman.



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October 15th-21st 2000

SUNDAY 15th A Day of Remembrance
MONDAY 16th Protecting Our Youth
TUESDAY 17th Making Our Schools Safer
WEDNESDAY 18th Confronting Violence Against Women

THURSDAY 19th Facing Violence Among Men
FRIDAY 20th Eliminating Racism & Hate Crime
SATURDAY 21st Replacing Violence with Sports, Recreation and Culture

Check our website at www.7wv.com or contact your local YWCA to find out how to get involved!



They are bolder Down Under

As part of a transient youth, this scribbler wasted some years wandering around Europe, chasing Bavarian millionaires and attempting to avoid honest work. One thing became very obvious immediately, in observing the youth-hostel and backpack crowd, from Finland all the way down to Morocco

There were, encountered on the scuzzation route, tons of hitchhiking Swedes. And Danes. And Germans. A fair number of Canadians, too (wearing their flag on their patch), and Americans—but most of all, the mobs of Aussies and Kiwis who seemed to think this was just as ordinary as going down to the corner store for an illegal smoke.

(The one missing nationality, as an aside, were the French. Never to be encountered. When I got to Paris, being an innocent, I inquired why. Meaning why not? The answer, being typically French, was that they had everything—best food, best wine, best climate, best culture—why would they want to mope elsewhere? You can never argue with the French. I digress.)

But was most intriguing, however, were all those Aussies and Kiwis. At a certain age, it was a rite of passage for those young people stuck underneath the bottom of the globe to go on, and now the London and Paris and Rome they had only read about.

And now the world has come to the Aussies. To an outsider, stuck here Down Under observing the blessed Olympic Games, the phenomenon of the Australian personality is reinforced once again. Australians have learned their lessons from Canada, but they are bolder—and at those Games, stronger and faster. They do have the advantage—as opposed to Canadians—of being completely isolated. Bashed by convicts shipped out from England, which didn't



want all those horse thieves and pickpockets, they have evolved into a nation that has a natural chip on its shoulder married with a "fair dinkum" philosophy that can best be described as having a "fair go"—the national slogan being, be honest with your adversary (What's the Canadian dogma? "Why did the Canadian cross the road? To get to the middle." I digress.)

The country is a strange contradiction. Which is understandable, being a white-man's country in a brown/yellow-mud world with three of the world's five most populous nations—China, India and Indonesia—looming hangily at all this country's empty spaces, with a full 90 per cent of

Freeman securing her 400-m heat: a national effort to develop future stars

its population squeezed into just five cities on its green and fertile coast: Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide and Perth. It is nearly the most urbanized population on the globe—surpassing even Canada.

Just recently, a Sydney TV producer—the is almost as smart as her father, Tom, an academic who wrote 14 novels before he let his pay dirt with his *Schindler's List* shocker that Steven Spielberg turned into a movie sensation—must have been how Canada, as opposed to Australia, has those "angie" problems that impede its progress to the chippy personality that her country so enjoys. Canada has, she explains, no leftover unbridled-cord problems with Britain and the Crown that it can't or doesn't have the courage yet to cut, and so tap it all off, the France-Quebec problem and twaddling it in the year 2000, while Australia exists in the world isolated that a Cossack Dundee culture can actually mount that stunning opening ceremony that stunned all others.

Hanging over all that spectacular opening ceremony, with track star Cathy Freeman lighting the dazzling Olympic flame, is the problem Australians have dealing with all their Aboriginal people. Just in Canada a smudge with its guilt complex about our dealings with those who were there before we arrived.

The stain is quite clear. Aboriginals are likely in the 20 years earlier than other Australians. Outside war zone or famine conditions, Aboriginals are one of the rare groups of people in the world whose life expectancy has not risen during the past 15 years. Aboriginal babies are twice as likely as other babies to die at birth.

Only 14 per cent of Aboriginals continue education post secondary school. One in three prisoners is Aboriginal. About 25 per cent of Aboriginals are totally dependent on welfare. And so on.

It is, of course, similar in Canada. The percentages—only two per cent of Australia's population of 19 million—are almost the same as in Canada (2.8 per cent).

Canadians don't like to acknowledge that they have a problem.

The Aussies do—but they nervously don't know how to deal with it.

The press here, of course, go berserk when Cathy Freeman, who happens to be an Aboriginal and was the star hope for an Aussie gold medal on the track, is selected to light the Olympic flame. Australia, in the midst of its finest hour—as one of its papers called it, winning gold-medal triumph—



we think about it, the Boer Wars in New Zealand) Prime Minister John Howard, shifting nervously in his underwear, allows that he will go along with the "reconciliation"—the code word for apology—but not really—with Cathy Freeman's people. But he will not allow the sacred word "apology" to cross his prime lips.

Australia, in truth, owes a debt to Canada in another menu. Those high jinks in the know admit that the 1976 Olympics in Montreal taught them a lesson. While Jean Drapeau insisted, in his celebrated phrase, that his Games could no more mount a deficit than a man could have a baby, the strangely lay Aussies came out of Montreal with only a silver and four bronzes, lonely, isolated. The shocked and chastened lunkers then created not only a national sports institute but similar facilities in each individual state—plucking out promising youngsters, such as Patrick Rafter who, despite his loss to Canada's Daniel Nestor last week, is the

best tennis player in the world. And yet, as in all host countries, with exuberant locals going nuts over their fans, there is a sobering dull moment. Chauvinism is one thing, but the troubling dimension is nationalism. A travelling scribbler had thought—had hoped—that the new world city Sydney was above it. Alas, the tradition is reminiscent of what transpired with the Winter Games in Calgary, not exactly regarded as a world-level city.

This is to say that two very well-regarded newspapers, *The Sydney Morning Herald* and *The Australian*, are indulging in Bush-making, front-page arguments about their own lands that would make even William Randolph Hearst somewhat appalled.

And then there is the great republican debate and the Queen's decision to stay away from these Games. It is obvious, as any well-meaning jerk knows, that Queen in its nervous nervousness knows that Canada will cut off the ridiculous unbridled love with Buckingham Palace.

The lunkers at least have the guts to put the process into motion. Chucky Canada only watches on the sidelines. Bolder, stronger, faster.

happens to be struggling mightily with its path over many minority just like Canada.

Canada wriggles its embarrassment over leftover apologies to the Japanese released in our last great war (including David Suzuki and his parents) and even now erecting statues of Louis Riel. Australia's prime minister is in a state of nervous turmoil over the demands of a "apology" to the Aboriginals who once were hunted down and shot like deer for us, now that

Like Canada, Australia struggles to come to terms with its guilt complex over the way it has treated its Aboriginal minority



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